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SUMMER DAYS.

By FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, summer days, dear summer days! how sweet ye are and fair,
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes throughout the earth and air;
When all the birds have built their nests, in loving couples twinned,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing down the wind.

The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson, white, and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long sweet mornings through;
The humming-bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And unfledged birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.

The grandsire sits beside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks of long ago.

I ask him if these summer days are not a rare delight,
They rise so fair, and glide so slow into the golden night.
"Ah me!" he says, "I dream upon the years which used to be;
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me."

I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time when I shall say,
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds will sing above my head their chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear?

I wonder if I too shall sit and dream an old man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten themes;
While all the hues and symphonies of sea and sky and earth
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles nothing worth?

Ah no! whatever change may come, that change can never be,
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrows time can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and lose their keenest power,
Yet when the sparrow comes and sings at early morning's hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song can never cease to hear!—
I know the clear ecstatic voice will pierce my heavy ear;

And I shall see the roses blow, and note the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fire-flies come;
And though my eyes may have as yet their bitterest tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because my cheek is wan;
The peach-trees will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists which mournful age may bring to cloud my view
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious blue.

This beauteous world, which every year renews its youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build, the morning-glories bloom.

THE LIFE-RAFT "NONPAREIL."

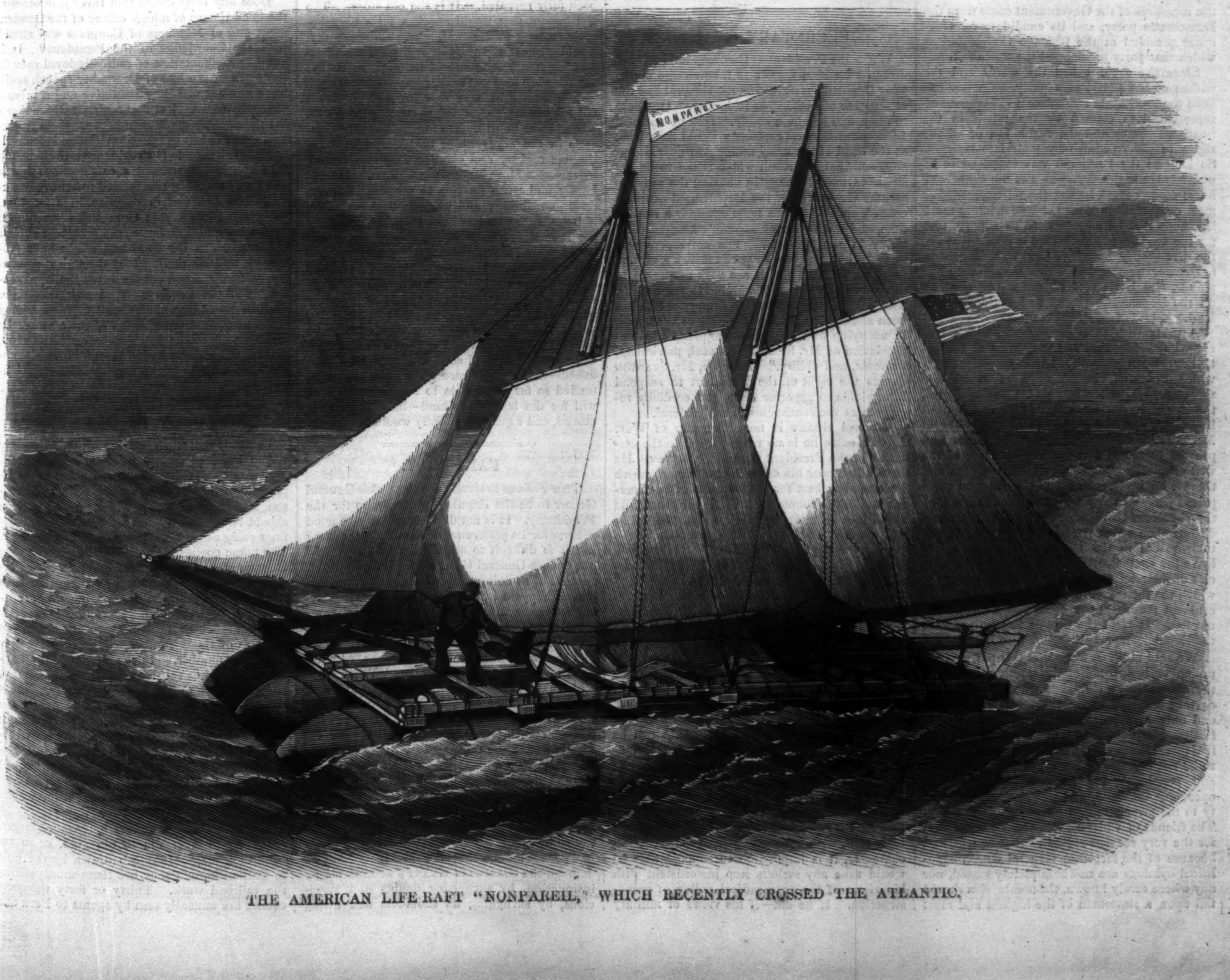
The American public had been so completely surfeited with accounts of the great ocean yacht race, the success of the *Red, White, and Blue,* and the still smaller Baltimore boat, that it took very little interest in the project of the American Life-raft *Nonpareil,* which sailed from this port on June 12 last, with the intention of crossing the Atlantic. Those who took any notice of it declared the project to be an insane idea; and when, after reaching the Lower Bay, the raft was run ashore at Staten Island and a part of the crew disgusted came back to the city overland, the public simply remarked, "I told you so," and took no further interest in the subject.

But the captain of the *Nonpareil,* obtaining a new crew, proceeded; he has landed his singular craft in safety at Southampton, England; and she is now as much the English as the *Dunderberg* is the French naval sensation.

We give below an illustration of the raft when laboring in a heavy gale; and also a description and a history of her cruise and reception in England.

The immersed portion of the raft consists of three India-rubber water-proof cylinders, with pointed ends, each 25 feet long by about 2½ feet in diameter, connected at their centres by a water-proof sacking; these are strongly secured by ropes to a wooden frame or staging, 21 feet long by 12½ feet wide. The base of this frame consists of seven stout 10-inch planks; and running fore and aft amid-ships, on the top of these, are three similar planks, the centre one projecting about 5 feet beyond the after part of the frame; and through the end of this plank the rudder is worked, the lower part being secured by iron stays. The raft has two masts, the foremast being rigged as a lugger, and the mainmast like a cutter. There is a bellows apparatus for filling the tubes with air. The shelter for the crew is a sort of tent formed of a water-proof cloth hung over a boom.

The three men who navigated the strange vessel were Mr. John Mikes, the captain, George Miller, and Jerry Mallene. Two slept under the tent, while the third watched at night. Except Miller, who was slightly ill but for two days only, they all enjoyed good health during their six weeks' voyage. They had an abundant supply of fresh water in a number of barrels lashed to each side of the raft, having thirty gallons of water to spare when they arrived. Their provisions were stowed in a locker under the tent. An oil lamp on board was their only means of procuring artificial light and fire. They had a fortnight's bad weather, and were seven times obliged to lay to; but the raft behaved exceedingly well in the sea, and the men never got wet. The last vessel they spoke at sea was the *John Chapman,* a week before they reached South-



THE AMERICAN LIFE-RAFT "NONPAREIL," WHICH RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

ampton. The captain of the *John Chapman* gave them a fowl, which they carried alive to that port. As they had no chronometer they sailed by dead reckoning, and corrected their position by the help of vessels they spoke. On their arrival at Southampton Mr. J. R. Stebbing, the President of the Chamber of Commerce at that port, hastened to congratulate them; and Captain Mikes, having landed, went to report himself to the United States Consul, Captain Britton.

Before laying up the raft in his yard, Mr. White towed her all round the harbor, and showed her to some of the Royal family, who were on board one of the yachts there. She was inspected by many experienced yachtsmen, and by Mr. John Macgregor, owner of the *Rob Roy* canoe, whose exploits in European waters have been detailed in most entertaining style in *Harpers' Magazine*. A fresh installment of this unique experience, of great interest to all yachtsmen, will be found in the September Number of the *Magazine*, under the title of "The *Rob Roy* in the Baltic." Mr. Macgregor, who took a great interest in the *Nonpareil*, is the owner also of the *Rob Roy* yawl, of three tons burden, in which he lately crossed the English Channel alone, and cruised along the French coast several hundred miles, recrossing from Havre to Littlehampton.

The members of the Royal Yacht squadron at Cowes gave Captain Mikes a hearty welcome, and entertained him at dinner a few days after his arrival. His extraordinary Atlantic voyage is looked upon by our English cousins as affording a fresh proof of the courage and enterprise of individual Americans in ocean navigation.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 31, 1867.

THE PRESIDENCY AGAIN.

In speaking last week of the Presidency we said that the important consideration was the continuance of the Republican party in power. The Democratic party has been treacherous to the fundamental principle of the Government. Its teachings furnished the pretext and its ranks the leaders of the rebellion. In Kentucky the success of those who, if not ex-rebels, were sincere sympathizers with rebellion, is hailed as a great Democratic victory. In Ohio Mr. Pendleton and Vallandigham strenuously support the Democratic nominations and oppose the Republican policy of equal suffrage. In New York facts of the same significance are familiar to every resident who is interested in politics. During the war whatever opposition and embarrassment were offered to the measures of the Government came from the Democratic party, and its candidate for Governor presided at the Chicago Convention at which that party proclaimed the war a failure.

Since the event belied the words and the wishes of the party, as a party, its policy has been the immediate readmission to Congress of representatives elected by the rebels in the Southern States and the regulation of all the rights of the freedmen by their late masters. So long as the President was supposed to be unfavorable to this policy he was the Emperor's horse made consul, he was the falsest, meanest, most contemptible of men. The moment there is a hope that he may be used as a party tool for the Democratic policy he is nominated for the Presidency by Mr. John Van Buren to a Democratic meeting which vociferously applauds, and he is praised and encouraged by all the Democratic papers and orators in the land.

A party with such antecedents, which furnished the doctrines and the chiefs of the rebellion, which extenuated and encouraged it, which thwarted the Government in its war measures, which steadily and vilely maligned the President during the war, which announced its failure, and whose attempt to elect General M'Clellan was sustained by the hopes and prayers of rebels and opposed by those of the vast multitude in arms for the Government and those who lay tortured and perishing in rebel prison pens—a party which denies the right of the victorious Government to prescribe the conditions upon which the rebel States may resume their places in the Union, and which would leave the emancipated slaves wholly to the mercies of their defeated masters—is not a party to which the interests of free society and of a Government founded upon equal rights can be intrusted. It is of the utmost importance that the Republican party therefore remain in power.

We said also last week that this party would undoubtedly succeed at the election, and must therefore select a candidate who would not undertake a no-party administration, which could end only in the demoralization of the organization which elected him. Then we said that if General Grant should be nominated it ought to be not because of his great military service and popularity, but because of his known, open, unquestioned, and unquestionable fidelity to the principles and purposes of the party. The friends of Chief Justice Chase claim that for the very reasons stated in that article, and because of the fact that General Grant's political opinions are nowhere plainly stated, nor any where surely known, the nomination should fall upon a statesman of the highest and most approved ability; upon one of the pioneers of the political faith which now dominates the country; upon one of the earliest, most unwavering, and most radical of Republicans, whose opinions have always been known, whose acts have never been equivocal, whose public services as Senator and Secretary of the Treasury have been unsurpassed, and whose position upon the Supreme Bench shows the public estimation in which he is held.

For twenty years Mr. Chase has been one of the most conspicuous anti-slavery statesmen in the country. In the Senate he divided the leadership of the party with Mr. Seward, and while Mr. Seward has chilled and broken the hearts that beat for him and clung to him as a statesman of real insight and of earnest conviction, Mr. Chase has moved steadily forward with the advancing sentiment of the country, and is as fully in sympathy with the most liberal party to-day as he was with the same party twenty years ago. To this political character—consistency, perception, and progress—he adds an unspotted private fame, and the training and habits of a statesman. Perfectly familiar with the history and practice of our politics, it is urged that he would bring to his great task an ability and experience which would heal our civic wounds and secure the ascendency of the party which elected him.

These are very powerful arguments, and we do not quarrel with them. But great and persuasive as they are, is it not still true, as we said last week, that such is the confidence in General Grant's fidelity to the radical cause, if his name were presented in a Convention it would be irresistible? It is for that very reason that we speak. It is essential that the nomination should spring not from enthusiasm but from conviction. And from this time forward there should be a diligent concentration of the public attention upon the important point which is the permanent power of the party. Men who have diligently meditated that necessity and are resolved to effect it will not be the victims of enthusiasm, but will act from profound conviction. They have been too bitterly deceived heretofore to run any risk again. The Democrats could not nominate General Grant without destroying their party organization. *Nor could he be the candidate* of the party that opposed the war. The Republicans, if they feel perfectly sure of success in any case, will not nominate him unless they are confident beyond question of his entire sympathy. A third party, or a no-party nomination, would be hopeless, for the necessity of party organization was never plainer, and allegiance to it was never more decided.

SECRETARY GRANT.

When the President as Commander-in-Chief directed General Grant to take charge of the War Department *ad interim* the General had the alternative of obeying or resigning. He chose to obey, and he chose wisely. Had he resigned Lieutenant-General Sherman would have been at the head of the army under Andrew Johnson, and that is a result which is not to be desired. General Grant in obeying the order to assume the charge of the Department avoids a consequence which we must consider a misfortune, and secures an element of confidence and safety in the Cabinet. The correspondence between him and Mr. Stanton shows a mutual respect and trust which are very agreeable to the country as well as honorable to themselves. The General informs the Secretary that he has been assigned as Acting Secretary of War, and, in notifying him of the fact, expresses his appreciation of Mr. Stanton's "zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability." In reply, Mr. Stanton denies the right of the President to suspend him, yields to superior force, and cordially reciprocates the sentiments of the General.

General Grant is now Secretary of War. In that office he is no more subject to the dictation of the President than Mr. Stanton. He is to administer his office in the manner which he considers best for the interests of the service and of the country. If the President should order him to neutralize and oppose the policy of Congress, and to defeat the intention of the law by the appointment of officers notoriously hostile to it, General Grant will, of course, decline, as Mr. Stanton would, and upon the President will be thrown the responsibility of suspending him as he has suspended his predecessor. To suppose that General Grant is to be the tool of Andrew Johnson is simply to misunderstand him altogether.

If, after an interval longer or shorter, the President should appoint some such person as Rousseau or Steedman to the War Department, it will be impossible to accuse General Grant of complicity with his designs. That can be justly done only in the case we have mentioned of furthering those designs. If it should be alleged that, if General Grant considers that he has been "assigned" to the War Department by his military superior, he must therefore obey that superior's orders during his assignment, we reply that, with what is known of the General's character, it is impossible to suppose that he would take any serious step inconsistent with his views of the true radical policy of reconstruction. If he did—if his views of military subordination are such that he would not hesitate to do any thing which the President might order, the country would never have been so deceived in any man whatever; and the universal popularity of the General would be changed into an equally universal amazement and sorrow at his profound misconception of the popular feeling and purpose.

A DESPERATE MAN.

Andrew Johnson is a desperate man. Conscious of the total failure of his administration and of the universal public censure, he would gladly do something to revenge himself upon fortune. His only opportunity is to remove the Generals of the Military Departments under the Reconstruction bills, and see what would follow the appointment of persons who would nullify the law. But the President has nothing to gain by such a course except impeachment and removal with the consent of the whole loyal country. Should he persist in the course which his suspension of Mr. Stanton implies, every man, who upon various grounds has opposed impeachment, would accept it as a choice of evils.

That the President would try other and more perilous measures, if he could, we can have no doubt. The story of the organization in Maryland that asked for batteries which the President wished to send and which Mr. Stanton refused, points to an armed organization upon which it has been rumored the President was willing to rely for ulterior purposes. Yet, although the tale as told be untrue, it will not be rejected because of its supposed inconsistency with the probable wishes or wisdom of the President. That there is some fire under the smoke every one will be willing to agree. But there is no great body of persons in the country so interested in renewing civil war as the vast multitude of the population are in trampling out the least spark of such an intention. This is not a truth which the President can apprehend, for he apprehends nothing. But it is the truth, nevertheless.

It is evident that those who distrusted Mr. Johnson most were the wisest men; and that Congress, having once discovered his character, should not have separated except to meet again promptly upon the proper summons. Had this course been adopted he would not have attempted the removal of Mr. Stanton, or, if he had, Congress would instantly have assembled to know the reason. No man can be considered harmless who holds even a restricted authority as President, when his spirit and purpose have been fully revealed. It is the old story. The Parliament that would check a false king becomes a long Parliament. The Congress that would protect the popular will from the interference of a hostile President must be always ready to lay its hand upon him.

The President may now proceed to thrust out his whole Cabinet and to replace them with whomsoever he will. He may remove the Generals in the unorganized States, and so delay the due registry and obedience to the laws of Congress. More he can not well do. He will hardly undertake forcibly to prevent Congress from assembling; and when it does assemble, if it finds that he has been palpably nullifying the laws which he is sworn to execute, it will impeach him, and the country, longing for peace, will cry Amen. It would not be a question of hair-splitting nor of technicality. The country would ask, through Congress, does he faithfully execute the laws, or does he try to paralyze and defeat them? The evidence which would be demanded would be and ought to be the most conclusive. And if such evidence were produced—if his whole career showed that he intended so far as possible to substitute his own will for the law of the land—he would be removed, and again the country would cry Amen.

FAIR PLAY.

The *Tribune* evidently does not wish General Grant to be the Republican candidate for the Presidency. It is not difficult to imagine good reasons for its preference of another candidate; but it *is* difficult to understand why it should not oppose General Grant frankly and openly. Instead of so doing it attacks him by innuendo. "How happens it," asks the *Tribune*, "that every renegade from radicalism is so vociferous for Grant?" If the *Tribune* thinks Grant a "Conservative" in the sense that Mr. Weed and the Democrats are Conservatives, why not say so frankly? Again it says: "When General Grant agreed with the President and sent word to the Secretary that he had accepted from the President the position, Mr. Stanton had no choice left. Had General Grant refused to have any thing to do with the arbitrary and possibly the illegal suspension of an officer whose only crime has been fidelity to his duty, Mr. Stanton might have taken another course." If the *Tribune* again thinks that General Grant approves the President's policy, why does it not say so distinctly?

The reason is, that the *Tribune* wishes to damage the chances of Grant's nomination by insinuation, by suggesting doubts and suspicions, by shrugging its shoulders and lifting its eyebrows. Why should it condescend to do this? The very first covert assault of this kind upon the General revealed to the whole country that it did not approve his candidacy. Would it not then have been a thousand-fold better to say betimes and distinctly that, great as Grant's services in the field had been, it did not feel so sure of his political convictions and his policy, if elected, to support him for the Presidency? That is a perfectly honorable and intelligible position. It is one with which many of the best men in the country heartily sympathize.

The Republican party will not be deluded nor shoved into a nomination. Thoroughly alive to their power and to the highest interests of the country, they will carefully consider the advantages and the disadvantages of every prominent candidate. The merits and claims of Chief Justice Chase, of General Grant, of Mr. Wade, of Mr. Colfax, of whomsoever may be named, and the wisdom of the nomination of each, will be and ought to be carefully discussed. There is no need of insinuation, of meanness, nor of stabbing in the back. For ourselves, we mean to speak frankly and in the most friendly way of the comparative desirability of the candidates. Last week we spoke of General Grant; this week we speak of Chief Justice Chase: for they are really the two candidates upon one of whom the choice will probably fall. Whatever may be said of the wisdom of postponing a discussion, and of not canvassing candidates, the truth is, that if the papers are silent the people are not. We are all privately talking about the matter. For a long time the currents of public feeling have been setting. What we all want is the best man. But we shall not find him either by blinding our eyes or by blackening those whom we do not believe to be best for the place.

THE LATEST "RADICAL PLOT."

There could not well be a more pitiful failure than the late attempt of the Deputy Attorney-General to startle the country with the revelation of a horrible "Radical plot" to suborn witnesses against the President. It was like the "Radical plot" last summer in New Orleans. The sole authority of the tale was the most notorious perjurer in the country—a man under conviction for the most enormous, systematic, and elaborate falsehood. It is comical to read the solemn statements of this man, implicating Mr. Ashley and General Butler in the most infamous crimes, followed by the grave comments of the astute Deputy intended to overwhelm his victims with public odium.

Does any body doubt that this futile blow at the good names of a high officer of the Government and of Members of Congress was struck with the knowledge of the President? It is another denunciation of radically loyal men in the spirit of the 22d of December speech reviling a Senator and Representative and a private citizen by name. But that outburst which startled the country made men grave. This ridiculous effort is lost in inextinguishable laughter.

How inscrutable is Providence! When Bull Run was lost it seemed a catastrophe; but it was really what the rebels tried to believe Sherman—"a blessing in disguise." Last year, when the Philadelphia Convention threatened to deceive some good men, the massacre at New Orleans, which the President might have prevented, and his reeling tour through the country, solemnized and concentrated the loyal sentiment of the country. And now that there shall be no chance of the least division among those men, or disintegration of their party, the same providential agent suspends Mr. Stanton, and reveals his unrelaxing hostility in the laughable performance of the Deputy Attorney-General.

THE COOLY IMPORTATION.

During the week ending July 20 nearly eleven hundred coolies were landed in Cuba. Two thousand, whose terms of service have expired in Cuba, are to be introduced into Louisiana, and it is a matter to which public attention should be intelligently directed. Webster defines cooly as an East Indian porter or carrier. The name coolies is applied distinctively to the laborers of India and China. The former never emigrate spontaneously, as we learn from an elaborate article in the *Tribune*, but they are removed through the agency of emigration officers of the French or Danish Governments to the colonies of those Powers. Mauritius receives the larger number. In the year 1865 the British West Indies received about four thousand, which was less than an average supply. These coolies engage under a contract of five or ten years, and five-sixths of them usually return home at the end of their term. Their treatment in the colonies depends upon the local authorities. In Demerara the system has worked well. In Jamaica, where the planters seem to be the most impracticable of men, it has wholly failed.

The Chinese cooly emigration is much larger. Many go to Australia to dig gold, or to engage in trade. Many are drawn by the gold to California, and they are there monopolizing the railroad work. Thirty or forty thousand coolies are annually sent by agents to Peru and

Cuba. These agents, as may be supposed, are not of good character. Only males are sent, and they generally contract for eight years. The passage is a kind of middle passage of the old African slave-trade, and there are frequent mutinies. A late writer describes the Indian cooly as mild and tractable, and the Chinese as the reverse; but while the Chinese despises his white master as of an inferior race, the Indian hates him. The Indian is less bound to his native land than the Chinese, but he is less strong, and a more inefficient laborer. Their wants are few, they work steadily, and they are satisfied with small wages.

Is it desirable that the population of the Southern States of this country should be increased by such accessions? These people are the lowest and in every way the least desirable portion of nations the most alien to us and our civilization. They are not needed as laborers; and their introduction into a section of the country in which the traditions and habits of slavery are still fresh could result only in establishing a new form of slavery, and infinitely perplexing and delaying the natural and desirable consequences of emancipation. The acts of Congress of February 12, 1862, and July 4, 1864, were leveled at the trade in coolies by American vessels, and are plainly intended to prevent their wholesale importation into the country. It is ridiculous to treat the business of cooly emigration as the free and voluntary passage of foreigners into the country, and if the existing acts are not sufficient to prevent it new acts should be passed. No greater disadvantage to this country can well be conceived than the unnatural addition of hundreds of thousands of the worst kind of Hindoos and Chinese to the population of the Southern States, composed as at present half of newly emancipated slaves and half of a sullen, late slaveholding class, hostile to the Government, despising the freedmen, and the more willing to gratify their habits of absolute control over the laborer if it can be done in a way plainly perilous to the country.

Natural and legitimate immigration we would not, of course, repel. But a wholly artificial and unnecessary and pernicious increase of the population we would strenuously oppose. If it was an incalculable blunder as well as crime to allow the African slave-trade, it is not less so to tolerate the cooly importation.

THE TRAGEDY OF CRETE.

One of the reasons why England, the European model of a constitutionally free country, is so cordially disliked by the whole liberal party in Europe, was lately very plainly shown. The Sultan of Turkey came to London. London cheered and feasted him. London complimented him, and he talked about fraternity and other fine things. And all the while that John Bull was kissing one of the Sultan's hands, as shown in a late suggestive illustration in the *Weekly*, the Sultan was throttling the Cretans with the other. Is it possible that Englishmen look upon Crete as a kind of Ireland, and think the Sultan justified in "stamping out" the rebellion—a process which the *Times* recommended for Ireland when the Fenian trouble looked threatening?

The horrors of Scio and of the Greek war of forty years ago are to-day repeated by Turkey in Crete. The whole civilized world then murmured with indignation. We believe it would lay a strong hand upon Turkey now if the facts were fully known. What the facts are can be known from the letter of Dr. Howe to the London *Times*. The Doctor went to Crete a few months since as the agent of the United States charity to the suffering Cretans; and he finds the condition of the people and of the island so appalling that he thinks it his duty to make his appeal immediately to a nearer Christian people, and he therefore writes to England, at the very moment in which England is singing hymns to the Grand Turk.

At the beginning of the revolt all the Cretans who could escape did so, and some 20,000 fled. Of these about 13,000 are in Greece proper, where about 5000 pick up a living as they can, while the rest are fed by committees, and all suffer beyond description. There are then some 8000 Cretans who took refuge in the fortified towns upon the island, and these are utterly destitute, living in constant fear of their lives, and for the honor of their wives and daughters from the Turkish garrisons, who feed them so as barely to save them from starvation, and insult their religion and its emblems. The third division of the refugees is those who have fled from their burned villages to the mountains. Their number is estimated from 15,000 to 25,000. These unfortunates live in caves, and Omar Pacha means to starve them. The island is closely blockaded, so that they can not escape—so closely that they can not even fish from the shores. They have no houses, and the caves are insufficient. Neither have they rags enough to cover them, nor roots enough to eat. Omar Pacha systematically devastates the whole country, burning houses, destroying the crops, cutting down trees, and leaving no green thing. He is reducing the island to a desert, and exterminating the population by famine. It is women and children upon whom he wars. The men for ten months have maintained a struggle at dreadful odds, yet with such heroism, and tenacity, and success that they have earned the rights of belligerents.

According to Dr. Howe, and all authorities except the Turkish, the treatment of the Cretan prisoners has been inhuman. Even boys, girls, and women do not escape. Yet the Cretans are indomitable. They have a blockade-runner which brings them supplies of food and ammunition, and two more steamers were looked for. But the Turks are equally resolute, and the war is among the most fearful of wars. To every request of the European Powers to permit inquiry, or armistice, or delay, the Turkish Government returns a polite and firm refusal. It is determined to suppress the rebellion, even if the human race upon the island must be obliterated. It asserts that its policy, if severe, is not savage, nor opposed to the customs of civilized warfare. It denies to Europe the report of authorized atrocities. But we must judge by what we know, not by the words of the Sultan's ministers. It is impossible not to believe the horrible tales which Dr. Howe and others relate, and not to suppose that the time will soon come when civilized and Christian Europe must require the Porte to pause.

REMOVAL OF NUISANCES.

If we consider seriously the facts developed in our recent article on Health in the City and the Country we realize the importance of a thorough removal of the nuisances that render the air of a city impure. This is attempted to a certain extent, but the attempt is by no means sufficiently searching, and it is often directed toward the various nuisances in no just proportion to their relative importance. The worst of the nuisances—those which have the most influence in producing disease—are often left nearly or quite untouched, being partially covered up from view, while those which make the most outside show are vigorously attacked.

We see that just now a great deal is said in the newspapers of New York city about cleaning the streets. While we would not say a word to hinder this from being done, for it is a pressing necessity, especially now that the accumulated filth, seething in the hot sun after the occasional rains, is sending forth great volumes of noxious emanations into the air, yet it is comparatively of little use if the filth in the houses and their surroundings is left to accumulate without stint, as it often is. To clean the street alone is like washing the outside of the cup and platter.

Indeed that filth which is most productive of disease may not exist very largely in the street. It is not what is thrown out that does the most harm there, but it is the outflowing of the *human* filth from the houses. And this outflowing does not send forth such concentrated effluvia as the filth that is pent up in houses and yards. It is the crowded, filthy tenements with their foul overflowings that generate most of the gases which create diseases of various kinds and intensify those which come from specific causes.

Of course this concentration of filth produces its worst effects upon the inmates of the houses themselves. Disease riots in such places. But there are often cleanly people in the midst of dirty ones, and they have to suffer from the sins of their neighbors. The emanations from filthy houses and yards are carried by the air into the neighboring tenements of the cleanly, somewhat diluted, it is true, but not sufficiently so to prevent wholly their noxious influence. It often goes from one block to another. Suppose a block of filthy tenements has its yards in the rear bordering upon the yards of another block whose occupants are cleanly and are not unduly crowded. Disease may be generated in the latter by the foul emanations which come from the former. The evil extends even further than this. The corruption of the air may be wide, and the average condition of the air of a whole city depends upon the proportionate amounts of its cleanly and uncleanly portions. Every citizen has therefore a personal interest in promoting the cleanliness not only of his own immediate neighborhood, but of all other portions of the city.

From what has been said it is clear that more authority ought to be exercised on the part of the public in relation to cleanliness than has ever yet been. *The right which every citizen has to have a cleanly neighborhood around him has never been fully recognized.* To secure this right the utmost limit of lawful interference should be reached. There should be a thorough inspection of yards, with full power to have all filth effectually removed. There is more difficulty about houses; but even here much can be done by the public functionary in preventing them from being such nests of pollution and disease as they often are. At least should the strong arm of the law secure against that extreme crowding which is absolutely inconsistent with the maintenance of cleanliness. For this purpose there should be some legal restraint upon the mode of building, so effectual as to prevent any one from putting up tenements so arranged as to get all the money that is possible in rents without any regard to sanitary considerations.

We have said that it is *human* filth especially that is the most common agent in the diffusion and intensification of disease. This great fact is not sufficiently regarded in sanitary efforts. A slaughter-house is spoken of with abhorrence, and the effort to remove it from a neighborhood is entered upon with great zeal. It is true that its odor is very disagreeable, but it is nothing like as injurious to the public health as a cluster of filthy houses that does not give forth a tithe as much odor, and has perhaps escaped all sanitary alarm and attention. Indeed, it has often been questioned whether a slaughter-house is at all injurious to the health of a neighborhood, because butchers are proverbially healthy men. They are healthy, however, probably in spite of the putrefactive odors, because their life is so active and so much in the open air. The same thing may be substantially said of the odors that come from the establishments of glue-makers, bone-boilers, soap-makers, candle-manufacturers, etc. Our own opinion is, that the emanations from decaying animal substances are somewhat deleterious, and yet are nothing like as much so as those that come from the decomposition of animal excretions—in other words, personal filth. All disagreeable odors are unhealthy from the very fact that they are disagreeable, and especially when they affect the nerves to such an extent as to produce so decided a result as nausea. But in the case of human filth the odor is far from being the measure of the injury which is done. There is here a secret poisonous influence undermining the physical power, and preparing the way, therefore, for various diseases, especially those that are characterized by general depression and by derangement of the digestive organs.

The measures for securing cleanliness in a city should be systematically prosecuted, and not fitfully, as is often done. There should not be merely a great sanitary stirring up when cholera or some other epidemic threatens, nor at certain seasons of the year when the stench of filth gives the warning. The very removal of so much accumulated noxious matter is attended with danger. We want more constancy and thoroughness and system in sanitary management than have ever yet been achieved by any city before we can realize what a city ought to be in cleanliness and in health.

WOODEN ARMS AND LEGS.

Perhaps there never was a time when artificial limbs were so common as now. Warfare in all civilized countries necessarily maims many thousands yearly, who avail themselves of wooden arms and legs for the sake of appearance rather than from their positive utility. The perfection of the art of manufacturing substitutes for lost members is an extraordinary triumph of art. Some are actually walking about in patent-leather boots on a pair of artificial pedestals, and no one would suspect it if uninformed of the fact. Artificial arms make a coat fit a little better than none at all, and artificial hands make a very fine show covered with elegant gloves, but neither of them ever prove so decidedly useful as artificial lower extremities.

The Government of the United States seems to have been in advance of all others in providing its gallant but unfortunate soldiers with artificial limbs. It is creditable to the humanity and consideration of Congress that large sums have been appropriated for providing every one who has lost a limb in the public service with the best substitute the ingenuity of the best mechanics could devise. It has become a distinct profession in North America to fabricate artificial limbs, and consequently carried to a high degree of artistic perfection.

AIR-PUMP FEET.

A fly walks on the ceiling overhead with entire ease and safety, because each foot has a disk which excludes the air, and hence the pressure of the atmosphere holds it fast. A large proportion of the insects have that air-pump provision. The common tree-toad, very common West and South, which hops nimbly from one branch to another in quest of prey, has a complete air-pump at the extremity of each toe. If but the tip of one finger strikes a surface they can tenaciously hold on. Precisely the same mechanical contrivance is found in the arms of the cuttle-fish or squid, as it is commonly called. If it can fix one pad on any thing it holds on with a degree of strength quite astonishing. In the East Indies these cuttle-fish are represented to attain gigantic proportions, with a corresponding muscular power, dragging down very large animals for prey. It is related that a British ship lying at anchor in a region where these monsters abound, had a plank slung alongside on which eight sailors stood painting the hull down to the water-line. Unperceived, a huge cuttle-fish threw one of his long air-pump arms over the plank, broke the slings and consequently pitched the men overboard. Before they could be rescued the monster dragged them all under and probably feasted on their remains. Nothing short of instantly cutting the fleshy air-pump grapple in two, with a knife, can favor an escape. The remora, a beautiful Atlantic fish, has an air-pump on its head, while the long-armed hydra, on the coast of Florida, known as the sea-spider, has an air-pump at the extremity of each long leg by which it seizes its living food.

LITERARY.

In the "History of the American Civil War," just issued by the Harpers, Dr. John William Draper has written the story of this country and interpreted our political development from an entirely new point of view. The historian's general theory of the controlling influences of civilization and of national progress are plainly set forth in his remarkable "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." In the present volume his ample knowledge in every department, his great stores of striking fact, are used in a manner of the utmost interest to every American. The chapters upon the physical characteristics of North America, its topography and meteorology, its geological formation, and the curious researches and speculations upon the modifying force of climate, are full of the most entertaining and striking information, applied with a fidelity and an earnestness of conviction which are admirable if not conclusive. The philosophic episodes spring naturally from the main thought of the volume; and the interest of the reader is never relaxed.

The work is to occupy three volumes, of which the first, issued in a dignified and attractive form, is now ready. It brings the history of the country down to the opening of the war; and relates it with singular lucidity of style, rising sometimes into a rhetorical richness which is almost unavoidable by a contemporary historian. Of this nearness to the events and times which he describes the author says: "Perhaps, however, it may be thought that the time has not yet come to deal with these events impartially—that we are too near their occurrence. In this respect the truth of history depends on two conditions—fullness of information as to the facts, and freedom from bias as to persons. But there never was a war in the course of which publicity was so freely permitted and the interior causes movements so completely understood. As bias, it is a mistake to suppose that time is any remedy for it. The life of Cæsar might have been written in the reign of Augustus not less impartially than nineteen centuries subsequently."

The argument of the History is simply stated. There are three distinct periods in our national life: the first, that of the idea of political unity; the second, that of two geographical and hostile powers; the third, the conflict of those powers for supremacy. The first volume treats of the first two periods, and with a skillful compression of incident and suggestion of leading facts which show the training of an accomplished writer and thinker. It is a work which every intelligent American should very carefully ponder. Certainly we can not agree in many of its speculations. But its spirit is so thoroughly candid, the whole work is so free from party heat, its positions are so fortified and adorned with learning, its style is so clear and attractive, and its view so original and interesting, that it must necessarily be ranked among the most important and remarkable of recent works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Sheridan was removed from the command of the Fifth Military District by order of President Johnson, and under the protest of General Grant on August 19. He has been ordered to Missouri to succeed General Hancock. The latter goes to Louisville, Kentucky, to succeed General George H. Thomas, who is to assume command in General Sheridan's late department. General Thomas is a strong Republican, and is as little likely as Sheridan to compromise or affiliate with the New Orleans rebels.

General John Pope, in a long letter to General Grant, under date of July 24, complains of the pernicious influence exercised by B. H. Hill and other rebel leaders in their discussion of the reconstruction question in his district. He says that, although Congress did well in disfranchising them, it would have been better to have enforced their permanent absence from the country. Notwithstanding the drawbacks to a full reconstruction occasioned by these speech-makers, he believes that Alabama, Georgia, and Florida will give a heavy white majority for reconstruction, and that three-fourths of the colored votes in each State will be cast in favor of readmission under the law of Congress. But after reconstruction the baleful influence of the rebel leaders will prevail, and the evils which afflict Tennessee will be reproduced in the rest of the Southern States.

General Sheridan, on August 17, ordered an election of a Convention for Louisiana, to be held on the 27th and 28th of September, the Convention to consist of ninety-seven members. One section of the order directs that, where fraud or violence is perpetrated, the election shall be held over again under the protection of United States troops.

Registration in Louisiana having been completed the full returns foot up 44,732 whites, and 82,907 blacks.

NEWS ITEMS.

John S. Pendleton, formerly a member of Congress and Minister to Chili, was arrested in Richmond on August 16 for alleged perjury in registering as a voter.

The cooly ship which recently landed a cargo in Louisiana has been libeled, and her captain held in $1000 to answer for a violation of the law.

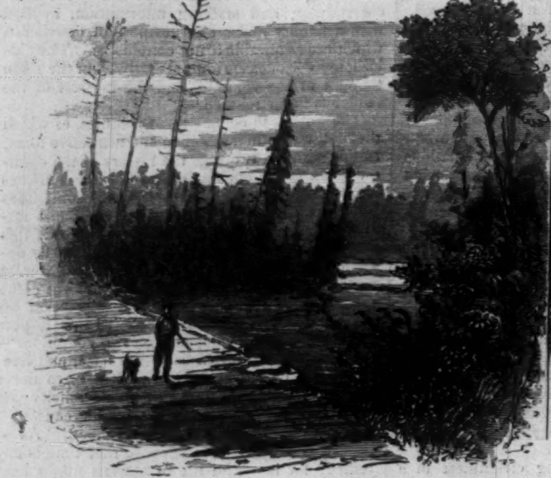
FOREIGN NEWS.

The French elections have gone heavily against the Bonaparte party, and the Opposition counts large gains.

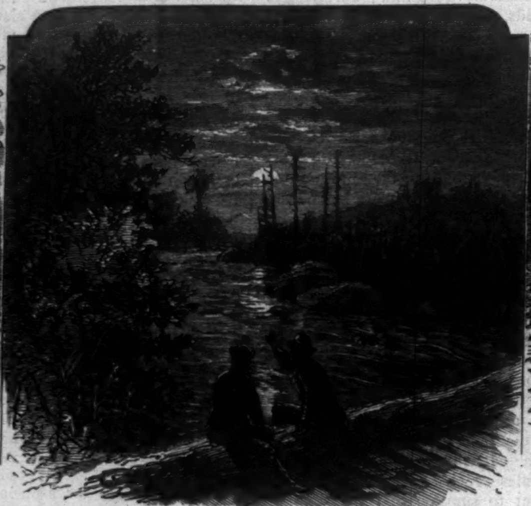
The Italians are displeased with Napoleon's protection of the Pope, and Victor Emanuel has been forced to ask a revision of the treaty of 1866, which left the city of Rome alone of all Italy under the temporal authority of the Pope.

Napoleon, Francis Joseph, and Louis of Bavaria dined at Salzburg, Austria, on August 18, and had a conference the next day. On the latter day the Vienna *Gazette*, the imperial organ of Austria, remarked that an alliance between France and Austria was possible, provided one was concluded between Prussia and Russia.

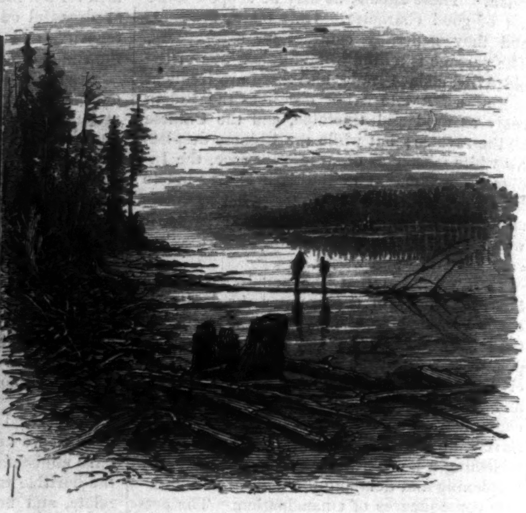
The reception of President Juarez at the capital of Mexico, on July 15, was a splendid ovation, and a great many sensible things were done, and not a few wise things were said, on the occasion. In a very moderate and sensible proclamation issued by Juarez he advises conciliation and clemency; and, indirectly alluding to the execution of Maximilian, he adds of his Government: "Its duty has been, and yet is, to weigh the demands of justice against considerations due to lenity. The moderation of its conduct, wherever it has resided, has demonstrated its desire to temper, as far as possible, the rigor of justice, by reconciling clemency with the stern duty of leaving the laws to act where they are indispensable to secure the peace and future prosperity of the nation. Let us now bend all our efforts to obtain and consolidate the benefits of peace." Tejada, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a speech used the following interesting language: "In Mexico there have existed two classes to which this war should be a lasting lesson: the clergy and the great proprietors. These two classes committed the error of intrusting the salvation of their interests to the absurd measure of suborning another corrupt class, the army; but the result proclaims that society can not be profoundly moved without danger to the interests that have their roots entwined in it, and the classes, which in Mexico invented revolutions, will no longer be guilty of the folly of persisting in their silly system. The triumph, then, which has been just consummated, involves mighty germs of consolidation and peace."



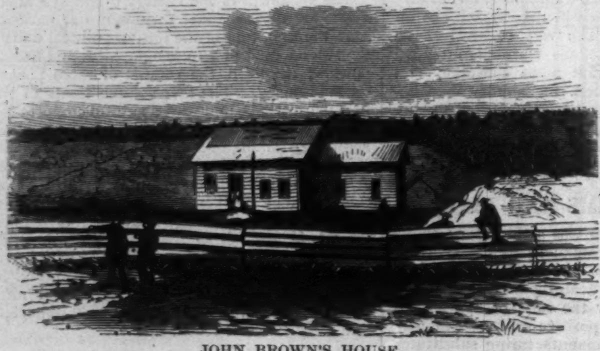
OLD BRIDGE AT MEACHAM OUTLET.



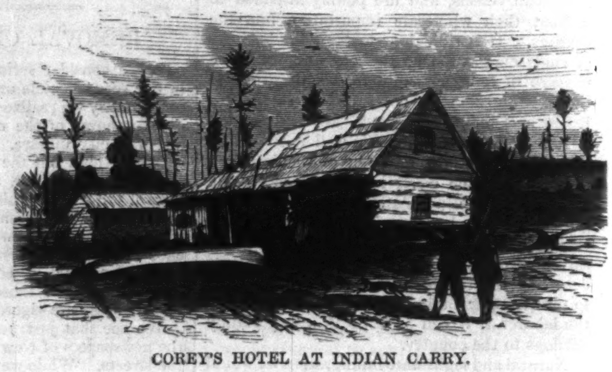
THE FALLS FROM BARTLETT'S BRIDGE.



LOOKING UP THE LAKE.



JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE.



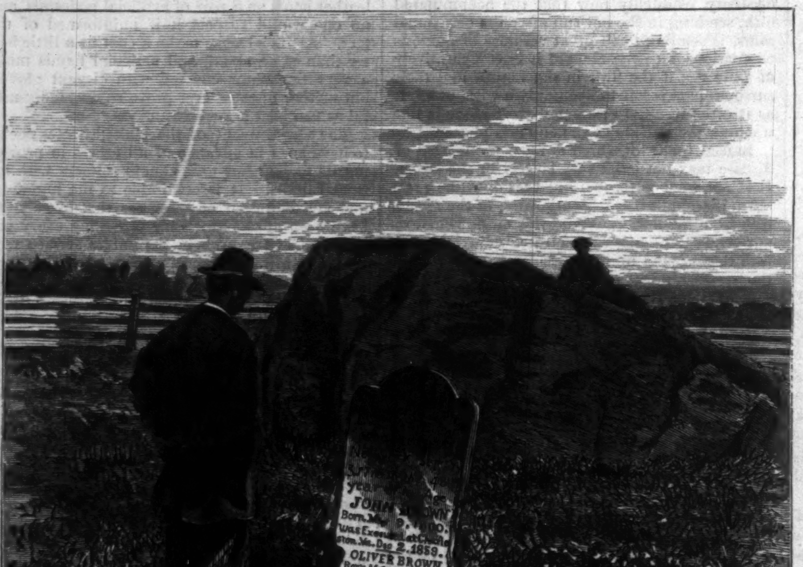
COREY'S HOTEL AT INDIAN CARRY.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

THE "happy hunting grounds of the Saranac" are little frequented by either white or red hunters now; the "woods and waters of the Adirondacks" afford sport to but few huntsmen and fishermen. In these days the scenery is the attraction which lures us there in "the heated term:" we angle for the sake of the accompanying sail or row; we hunt for the sake of the exercise and the air. We go in pairs in search of the picturesque and the beautiful, and find more pleasure in "shooting" the rapids of the lakes than the birds and beasts of the mountains; and more fun in flirting than in fishing.

Occasionally there are those who go armed in search of the picturesque; and their shooting is done with a camera. Some of the results of such a sporting tour, carried out by the photographers FAY and FARMER, of Malone, New York, are to be found in the several views on this page of the *Weekly*. These were taken by the photographers named in parts of the mountain less frequented by those from the metropolis than the eastern slope about Mounts Marcy, Seward, and M'Intyre. "Our artists" left Malone on June 4, and drove overland to Meacham Lake, a favorite resort for sporting parties from Malone and the northwestern corner of the Empire State. It is easy of access by stage lines, and game and fish are still plenty. From Lake Meacham a stage-ride brought them to St. Regis Lake, in the midst of the "Wilderness," the source of the little river of the same name. The scenery here is wild and picturesque; twelve or fifteen miniature lakes, each vying with the others in beauty, can be visited from "PAUL SMITH'S Hotel"—a model mountain way-side inn in the Wilderness—in a single day without fatigue. More adventurous sportsmen frequently penetrate, under the guidance of PAUL SMITH'S guides and by the aid of his boats, one hundred and sixty miles from St. Regis Lake into the Wilderness, to the sources of Racket and Bog rivers, and to Tupper's and Blue Mountain Lake.

In the vicinity of St. Regis Lake there are innumerable similarly small lakes or lakelets, many of them connected, or at least separated by such short distances that a party with a small boat, light luggage, and strong legs can easily make the trip to Saranac Lake, through these lakes, and over the "Carrys," as the land portion of the route is called. Saranac Lake—the principal source of Saranac River, and one of the most beautiful as well as the largest of these mountain lakes—is ten miles in length, and is filled with the largest and finest salmon, trout, and pike. Our party sailed across the "Upper Saranac," as the western part of it is called, in a few hours on a day in June, when the water was very rough; but their cockle-shell boat, weighing less than one hundred pounds, and freighted with three persons and luggage, dashed through the white caps like a life-boat. They landed, after a delightful sail, at the "Indian Carry," as the little settlement on the south bank of the westernmost part of the lake is called. Here one COREY enjoys like fame with PAUL SMITH, and keeps a hotel not less worthy of patronizing than picturing. Thence, by way of Bartlett's and the Falls, they reached "Round Lake," as the central part of Saranac Lake is locally designated; and sailing through it in a single day moored in the "Lower Saranac," at another hotel in the woods known throughout the neighborhood as "BILL MARTIN'S."



JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE.

Ten miles from this point is the spot where

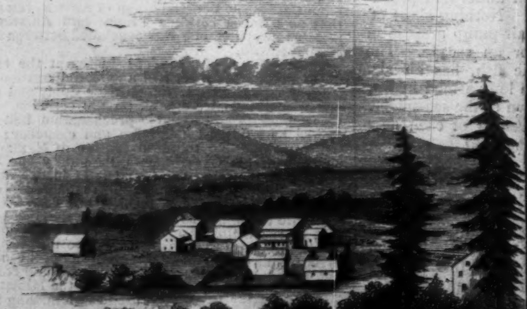
"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,"

and to this a pilgrimage was made. Daily in the summer large parties visit the spot from MARTIN'S hotel, and view the grave of the old Martyr with strange thoughts of the strange events which have elapsed since he was consigned to the tomb with sympathy for what seemed then his mistaken zeal, but which is now admitted to have been the foresight which is sometimes given to souls animated by great principles. There are also two other graves near by, and a single simple slab acts as the monument of all. The inscription reads as follows:

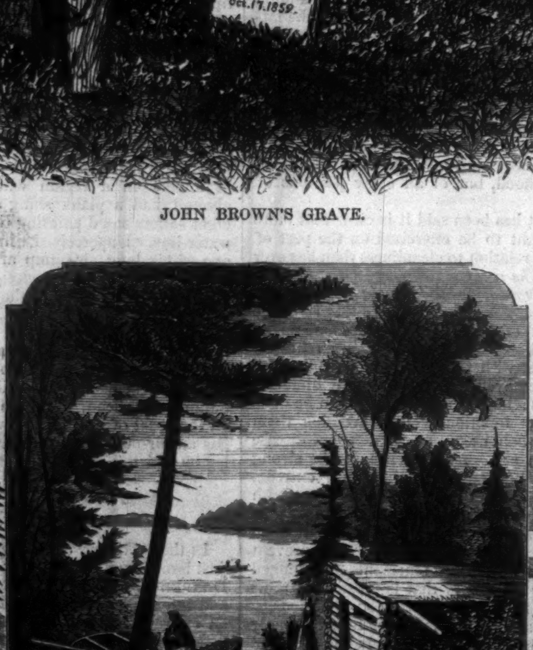
> "In Memory of Cap^{tn} John Brown, who died at New York, Sept^{r} ye 3, 1776, in the 48 year of his Age. John Brown, born May 9, 1800. Was executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859. Oliver Brown, born May 9, 1839, was killed at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 17, 1859."

Near by the grave is the former home of JOHN BROWN, a frame hut of small dimensions and ignoble appearance, which we also illustrate. A portion of the JOHN BROWN family still reside here; but the younger members, male and female, aiding in completing the work which their father began, are engaged in the school service of the Freedmen's Bureau at the South.

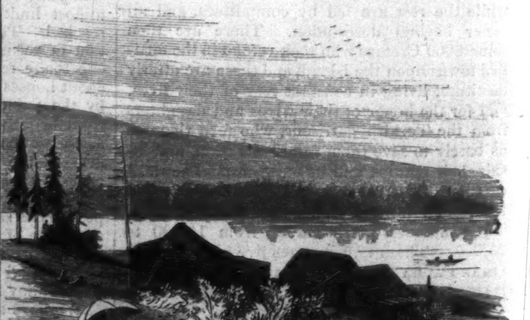
Down the Lower Saranac Lake is another pleasant sail, and the traveler is brought to the picturesque village of Harrietstown, and is once more "out of the Wilderness," in the much less interesting but far more comfortable regions of Civilization.



HARRIETSTOWN, NEW YORK.



BIG CLEAR POND.



INDIAN CARRY, ON THE UPPER SARANAC.

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

"THE shortest way by half a mile—
I come so very often by it—
Is up the road, across the stile,
And through the meadow. Shall we try it?"
The days were not without a charm
When, talking soft and looking silly,
My Love and I walked arm in arm,
And lanes were lone and fields were stilly.

We found so many things to say,
That always in the shiny weather
We took the—well, the *shorter* way,
To be a longer time together.
We spoke about—(but, goodness knows
Our topics of confabulation)—
About the weather, I suppose,
The crops, the harvest, and the nation.

At all events, although the talk
Was neither wise nor very witty,
We ended each successive walk
With "Home already—what a pity!"
We might have lost a little ground
Through coming by the road selected,
But both agreed that we had found
The journey shorter than expected.

Can Life's experiment support
The paradox that Love proposes?
Does *any* path seem very short,
Unless it be a path of roses?
We seldom find the nearer way;
And if we hit upon and take it,
By creeping on from day to day,
It seems as long as length can make it.

The road to Fame is never brief,
The way to Wealth is dull and dreary;
All earthly routes, in my belief,
Are very long and very weary.
Nay—*one* that leads through care and strife
Is short, when mortals once begin it:
We take the "near cut" *out* of life,
Although we take the longest *in* it.

BIRDS OF PREY.

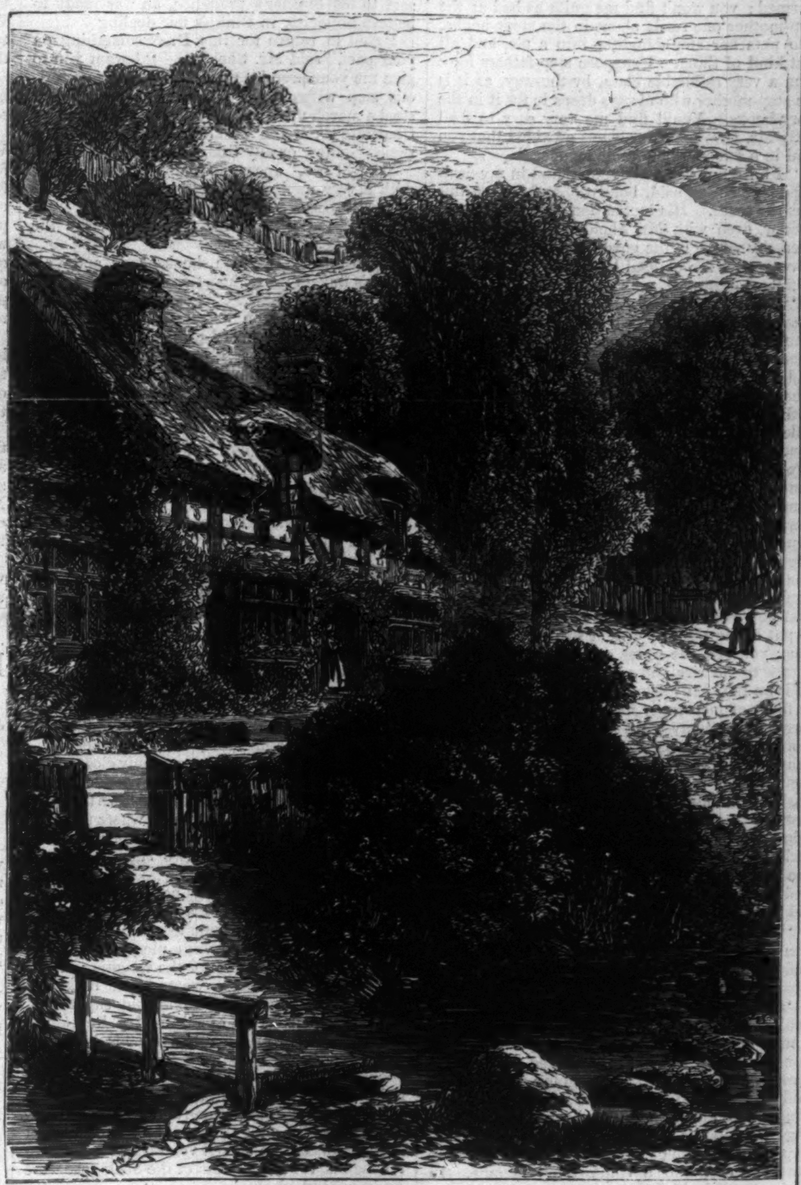
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SHELDON IS PROPITIOUS.

IT was not very long before Valentine Hawkehurst had reason to respect the wisdom of his legal patron. Within a few days of his interview with George Sheldon he paid his weekly visit to the Villa. Things were going very well with him, and life altogether seemed brighter than he had ever hoped to find it. He had set himself steadily to work to win some kind of position in literature. He devoted his days to diligent study in the reading-room of the British Museum, his nights to writing for the magazines. His acquaintance with press-men had stood him in good stead; and already he had secured the prompt acceptance of his work in more than one direction. The young littérateur of the present day has not such a very hard fight for a livelihood, if his pen has only a certain lightness and dash, a rattling vivacity and airy grace. It is only the "giant boys," who come to London with epic poems, Anglo-Saxon tragedies, or metaphysical treatises in their portmanteaus, who must needs "perish in their pride," or stoop to the drudgery of office or counting-house.



THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

Valentine Hawkehurst had no vague yearnings after the fame of a Milton, no inner consciousness that he had been born to stamp out the footprints of Shakspeare on the sands of time, no unhealthy hungering after the gloomy grandeur of Byron. He had been brought up among people who treated literature as a trade as well as an art; and what art is not more or less a trade? He knew the state of the market and what kind of goods were likely to go off briskly, and it was for the market he worked. When gray shirtings were in active demand, he set his loom for gray shirtings; and when the buyers clamored for fancy goods, he made haste to produce that class of fabrics. In this he proved himself a very low-minded and ignominious creature, no doubt; but was not one Oliver Goldsmith glad to take any order which good Mr. Newberry might give him, only writing the *Traveler* and the story of Parson Primrose *pour se distraire?*

Love lent wings to the young essayist's pen. It is to be feared that in roving among those shelves in Great Russell Street he showed himself something of a freebooter, taking his "bien" wherever it was to be found; but did not Molière frankly acknowledge the same practice? Mr. Hawkehurst wrote about any thing and every thing. His brain must needs be a gigantic storehouse of information, thought the respectful reader. He skipped from Pericles to Cromwell, from Cleopatra to Mary Stuart, from Sappho to Madame de Sablé; and he wrote of these departed spirits with such a charming impertinence, with such a delicious affectation of intimacy, that one would have thought he had sat by Cleopatra as she melted her pearls, and stood among the audience of Pericles when he pronounced his funeral oration. With the De Sablé and the Chevreuse, Ninon and Marion, Maintenon and La Vallière, Anne of Austria and the great Mademoiselle of France, he seemed to have lived in daily companionship, so amply did he expatiate upon the smallest details of their existences, so tenderly did he dwell on their vanished beauties, their unforgotten graces.

The work was light and pleasant; and the monthly checks from the proprietors of a couple of rival periodicals promised to amount to the income which the adventurer had sighed for as he trod the Yorkshire moorland. He had asked Destiny to give him Charlotte Halliday and three hundred a year, and lo! while yet the wish was new, both these blessings seemed within his grasp. It could scarcely be a matter for repining if the Fates should choose to throw in an odd fifty thousand pounds or so.

But was not all this something too much of happiness for a man whose feet had trodden in evil ways? Were not the Fates mocking this travel-stained wayfarer with bright glimpses of a paradise whose gates he was never to pass?

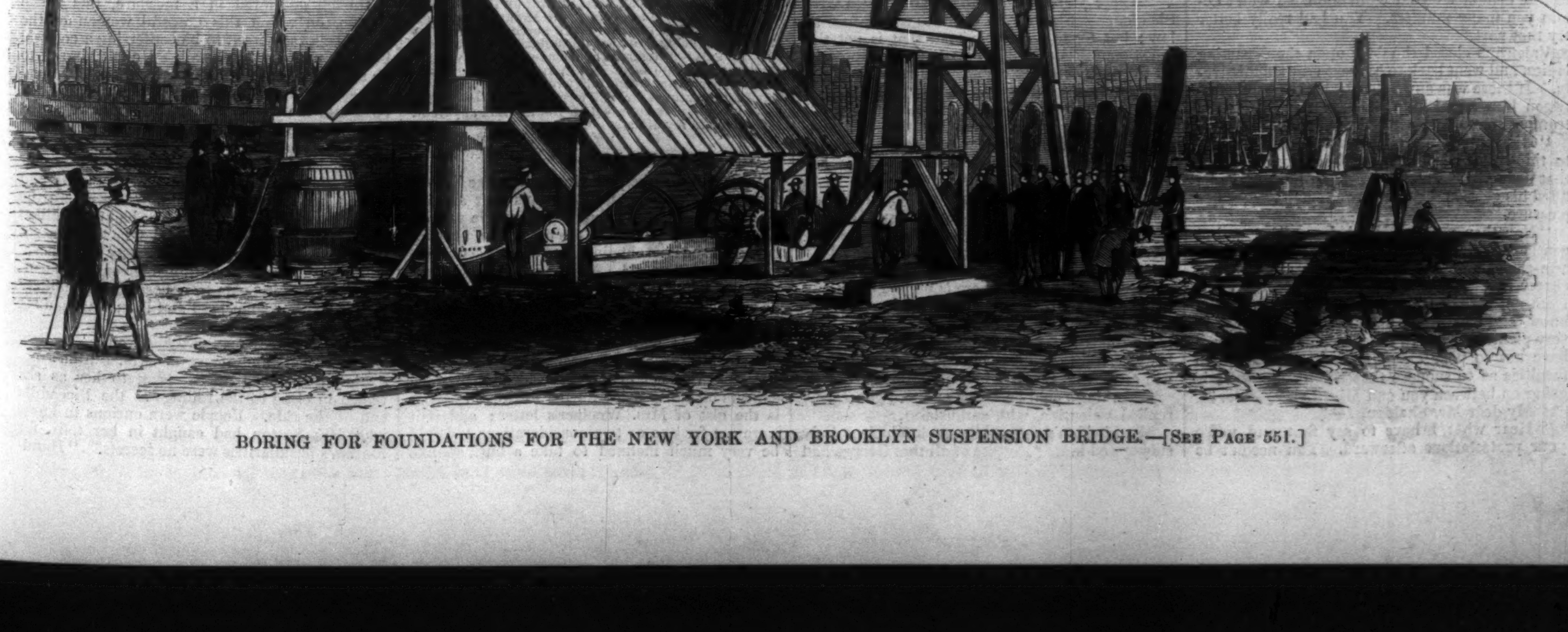
This was the question which Valentine Hawkehurst was fain to ask himself sometimes; this doubt was the shadow which sometimes made a sudden darkness that obscured the sunshine.

Happily for Charlotte's true lover, the shadow did not often come between him and the light of those dear eyes which were his pole-stars.

The December days were shortening as the year drew to its close, and afternoon tea seemed more than ever delightful to Charlotte and her betrothed, now that it could be enjoyed in the mysterious half light; a glimmer of chill gray day looking coldly in at the unshrouded window like some ghostly watcher envying these mortals their happiness, and the red glow of the low fire reflected upon every curve and facet in the shining steel grate.

To sit by the fire at five o'clock in the afternoon, watching the changeful light upon Charlotte's face, the rosy glow that seemed to linger caressingly on broad low brow and sweet ripe lips, the deep shadows that darkened eyes and hair, was bliss unspeakable for Mr. Hawkehurst. The lovers talked the prettiest nonsense to each other, while Mrs. Sheldon dozed placidly behind the friendly shelter of a banner-screen hooked on to the chimney-piece, or conversed with Diana in a monotonous undertone, solemnly debating the relative wisdom of dyeing or turning in relation to one of Georgy's silk dresses.

Upon one special evening Valentine lingered just a little longer than usual. Christmas was near at hand, and the young man had brought his liege lady tribute in the shape of a bundle of Christmas literature. Tennyson had been laid aside in favor of the genial Christmas fare, which had the one fault, that it came a fortnight before the jovial season, and in a manner forestalled the delights of that time-honored period, making the season itself seem a kind of anti-climax, and turkey and plum-pudding the stalest commodities in the world when they did come. How, indeed, can a man do full justice to his aunt Tabitha's plum-pudding, or his uncle Joe's renowned rum-punch, if he has [illegible] the steam-



BORING FOR FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

ing bowl with the Seven Poor Travelers, or eaten his Christmas dinner at the Kiddleawink a fortnight beforehand? Are not the chief pleasures of life joys as perishable as the bloom on a peach or the freshness of a rose?

Valentine had read the ghastliest of ghost-stories, and the most humorous of word-pictures, for the benefit of the audience in Mrs. Sheldon's drawing-room; and now, after tea, they sat by the fire talking of the ghost-story, and discussing that unanswerable question about the possibility of such spiritual appearances which seems to have been debated ever since the world began.

"Dr. Johnson believed in ghosts," said Valentine.

"Oh, please spare us Dr. Johnson!" cried Charlotte, with serio-comic intensity. "What is it that obliges magazine-writers to be perpetually talking about Dr. Johnson? If they must dig up persons from the past, why can't they dig up newer persons than that poor, ill-used doctor?"

The door opened with a hoarse groan, and Mr. Sheldon came into the room while Miss Halliday was making her playful protest. She stopped, somewhat confused by that sudden entrance.

There is a statue of the Commandant in every house, at whose coming hearts grow cold and lips are suddenly silent. It was the first time that the master of the villa had interrupted one of these friendly afternoon teas, and Mrs. Sheldon and her daughter felt that a domestic crisis was at hand.

"How's this?" cried the stock-broker's strong, hard voice; "you seem all in the dark."

He took a wax-match from a little gilt stand on the mantle-piece and lighted two flaring lamps. He was the sort of man who is always eager to light the gas when people are sitting in the gloaming, meditative and poetical. He let the broad glare of common-sense in upon their foolish musings, and scared away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies by means of the Western Gaslight Company's illuminating medium.

The light of these two flaring jets of gas revealed Charlotte Halliday looking shyly at the roses on the carpet, and trifling nervously with one of the show-books on the table. The same light revealed Valentine Hawkehurst standing by the young lady's chair, and looking at Mr. Sheldon with a boldness of countenance that was almost defiance. Poor Georgy's face peered out from behind her favorite banner-screen, looking from one to the other in evident alarm. Diana sat in her accustomed corner, watchful, expectant, awaiting the domestic storm.

To the surprise of every one except Mr. Sheldon, there was no storm, not even the lightest breeze that ever blew in domestic hemispheres. The stock-broker saluted his step-daughter with a friendly nod, and greeted her lover with a significant grin.

"How d'ye do, Hawkehurst?" he said, in his pleasantest manner. "It's an age since I've seen you. You're going in for literature, I hear; and a very good thing too, if you can make it pay. I understand there are some fellows who really do make that sort of thing pay. Seen my brother George lately? Yes, I suppose you and George are quite a Damon and What's-his-name. You're going to dine here to-night, of course? I suppose we may go in to dinner at once, eh, Georgy?—it's half-past six."

Mr. Hawkehurst made some faint pretense of having a particular engagement elsewhere; for, supposing Sheldon to be unconscious, he scorned to profit by that gentleman's ignorance. And then, having faltered his refusal, he looked at Charlotte, and Charlotte's eyes cried "Stay," as plainly as such lovely eyes can speak. So the end of it was that he staid and partook of the Sheldonian crimped skate, and the Sheldonian roast-beef and tapioca-pudding, and tasted some especial Moselle, which, out of the kindliness of his nature, Mr. Sheldon opened for his step-daughter's betrothed.

After dinner there were oranges and crisp uncompromising biscuits that made an explosive noise like the breaking of windows whenever any one ventured to tamper with them; item, a decanter of sherry in a silver stand; item, a decanter of port, which Mr. Sheldon declared to be something almost too good to be drunk, and to the merits of which Valentine was supremely indifferent. The young man would fain have followed his delight when she accompanied her mamma and Diana to the drawing-room; but Mr. Sheldon detained him.

"I want a few words with you, Hawkehurst," he said; and Charlotte's cheeks flamed red as peonies at sound of this alarming sentence. "You shall go after the ladies presently, and they shall torture that poor little piano to their hearts' delight for your edification. I won't detain you many minutes. You had really better try that port."

Valentine closed the door upon the departing ladies, and went back to his seat very submissively. If there was any battle to be fought out between him and Philip Sheldon the sooner the trumpet sounded to arms the better.

"His remarkable civility almost inclines me to think that he does really want to get rid of that dear girl," Valentine said to himself, as he filled his glass and gravely awaited Mr. Sheldon's pleasure.

"Now then, my dear Hawkehurst," began that gentleman, squaring himself in his comfortable arm-chair, and extending his legs before the cheery fire, "let us have a little friendly chat. I am not given to beating about the bush, you know, and whatever I have to say I shall say in very plain words. In the first place, I hope you have not so poor an opinion of my perceptive faculties as to suppose that I don't see what is going on between you and Miss Lotta yonder?"

"My dear Mr. Sheldon, I—"

"Hear what I have to say first, and make your protestations afterward. You needn't be alarmed; you won't find me quite as bad as the step-mother one reads about in the story-books, who puts her step-daughter into a pie, and all that kind of thing. I suppose step-fathers have been a very estimable class, by-the-way, as it is the step-mother who always drops in for it in the story-books. You'll find me very easy to deal with, Mr. Hawkehurst, always provided that you deal in a fair and honorable manner."

"I have no wish to be underhand in my dealings," Valentine said, boldly. And indeed this was the truth. His inclination prompted him to candor, even with Mr. Sheldon; but that fatal necessity which is the governing principle of the adventurer's life obliged him to employ the arts of finesse.

"Good," cried Mr. Sheldon, in the cheery, pleasant tone of an easy-going man of the world who is not too worldly to do a generous action once in a way. "All I ask is frankness. You and Charlotte have fallen in love with one another—why, I can't imagine, except on the hypothesis that a decent-looking young woman and a decent-looking young man can't meet half a dozen times without beginning to think of Gretna Green or St. George's, Hanover Square. Of course a marriage with you, looked at from a common-sense point of view, would be about the worst thing that could happen to my wife's daughter. She's a very fine girl" (a man of the Sheldonian type would call Aphrodite herself a fine girl), "and might marry some awfully rich City swell with vineries and pineries and succession-houses at Tulse Hill or Highgate, if I chose to put her in the way of that sort of thing. But then, you see, the worst of it is, a man seldom comes to vineries and pineries at Tulse Hill till he is on the shady side of forty; and as I am not in favor of mercenary marriages, I don't care to force any of my City connection upon poor Lotta. In the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange there is no sharper man of business than your humble servant; but I don't care to bring business habits to Bayswater. Long before Lotta was out of pinafores I had made up my mind never to come between her and her own inclination in the matrimonial line; therefore, if she truly and honestly loves you, and if you truly and honestly love her, I am not the man to forbid the bans."

"My dear Mr. Sheldon, how shall I ever thank you for this!" cried Valentine, surprised into a belief in the purity of the stock-broker's intentions.

"Don't be in a hurry," replied that gentleman, coolly; "you haven't heard me out yet. Though I may consent to take the very opposite line of conduct which I might be expected to take as a man of the world, I am not going to allow you and Charlotte to make fools of yourselves. There must be no love-in-a-cottage business, no marrying on nothing a year, with the expectation that papa and mamma will make up the difference between that and a comfortable income. In plain English, if I consent to receive you as Charlotte's future husband, you and she must consent to wait until you can to my entire satisfaction prove yourself in a position to keep a wife."

Valentine sighed doubtfully.

"I don't think either Miss Halliday or I are in an unreasonable hurry to begin life together," he said, thoughtfully; "but there must be some fixed limit to our probation. I am afraid the waiting will be a very long business if I am to obtain a position that will satisfy you before I ask my dear girl to share my fate."

"Are your prospects so very black?"

"No; to my mind they seem wonderfully bright. But the earnings of a magazine-writer will scarcely come up to your idea of an independence. Just now I am getting about ten pounds a month. With industry I may stretch that ten to twenty; and with luck I might make the twenty into thirty—forty—fifty. A man has only to achieve something like a reputation in order to make a handsome living by his pen."

"I am very glad to hear that," said Mr. Sheldon; "and when you can fairly demonstrate to me that you are earning thirty pounds a month, you shall have my consent to your marriage with Charlotte, and I will do what I can to give you a fair start in life. I suppose you know that she hasn't a sixpence in the world that she can call her own?"

This was a trying question for Valentine Hawkehurst, and Mr. Sheldon looked at him with a sharp, scrutinizing glance as he awaited a reply. The young man flushed crimson, and grew pale again before he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "I have long been aware that Miss Halliday has no legal claim on her father's fortune."

"There you have hit the mark," cried Mr. Sheldon. "She has no claim to a sixpence in law; but to an honorable man that is not the question. Poor Halliday's money amounted in all to something like eighteen thousand pounds. That sum passed into my possession when I married my poor friend's widow, who had too much respect for me to hamper my position as a man of business by any legal restraints that would have hindered my making the wisest use of her money. I have used that money, and I need scarcely tell you that I have employed it with considerable advantage to myself and Georgy. I therefore can afford to be generous, and I mean to be so; but the manner in which I do things must be of my own choosing. My own children are dead, and there is no one belonging to me that stands in Miss Halliday's way. When I die she will inherit a handsome fortune. And if she marries with my approval I shall present her with a very comfortable dowry. I think you will allow that this is fair enough."

"Nothing could be fairer or more generous," replied Valentine, with enthusiasm.

Mr. Sheldon's agreeable candor had entirely subjugated him. Despite of all that George had said to his brother's prejudice, he was ready to believe implicitly in Philip's fair dealing.

"And in return for this I ask something on your part," said Mr. Sheldon. "I want you to give me your promise that you will take no serious step without my knowledge. You won't steal a march upon me. You won't walk off with Charlotte some fine morning and marry her at a registry-office, or any thing of that kind, eh?"

"I will not," answered Valentine, resolutely, with a very unpleasant recollection of his dealings with George Sheldon.

"Give me your hand upon that," cried the stock-broker.

Upon this the two men shook hands, and Valentine's fingers were almost crushed in the cold, hard grip of Mr. Sheldon's muscular hand. And now there came upon Valentine's ear the sound of one of Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne Worte*, tenderly played by the soft, gentle hands he knew so well. And the lover began to feel that he could no longer sit roasting himself before the blazing fire, the heat whereof was multiplied to an insufferable degree by reflecting steel grate and fender, and sipping the stock-broker's port with a hypocritical pretense of appreciation.

Mr. Sheldon was not slow to perceive his guest's impatience, and having made exactly the impression he wanted to make, was quite willing that the interview should come to an end.

"You had better be off to the drawing-room," he said, good-naturedly; "I see you are in that stage of the fever in which masculine society is only a bore. You can go and hear Charlotte play while I read the evening papers and write a few letters. You can let her know that you and I understand each other. Of course we shall see you very often. You'll eat your Christmas turkey with us, and so on; and I shall trust to your honor for the safe keeping of that promise you made me just now," said Mr. Sheldon.

"And I shall keep an uncommonly close watch upon you and the young lady, my friend," added that gentleman, communing with his own thoughts as he crossed the smart little hall, where two Birmingham iron knights in chain-armor bestrode their gallant chargers on two small tables of sham malachite.

Mr. Sheldon's library was not a very inspiring apartment. His ideas of a *sanctum sanctorum* did not soar above the commonplace. A decent square room furnished with plenty of pigeon-holes, a neat brass scale for the weighing of letters, a copying-press, a waste-paper basket, a stout brass-mounted office inkstand capable of holding a quart or so of ink, and a Post-office Directory, were all he asked for his hours of leisure and meditation. In a handsome glazed book-case opposite his writing-table appeared a richly-bound edition of the *Waverley Novels*, Knight's *Shakspeare*, Hume and Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Gibbon; but, except when Georgy dusted the sacred volumes with her own fair hands, the glass doors of the book-case were never opened.

Mr. Sheldon turned on the gas, seated himself at his comfortable writing-table, and took up his pen. A quire of office note-paper, with his city address upon it, lay ready beneath his hand; but he did not begin to write immediately. He sat for some time with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, meditating with dark, fixed brows.

"Can I trust her?" he asked himself. "Is it safe to have her near me—after—after what she said to me in Fitzgeorge Street? Yes, I think I can trust her, up to a certain point; but beyond that I must be on my guard. She might be more dangerous than a stranger. One thing is quite clear: she must be provided for somehow or other. The question is, whether she is to be provided for in this house or out of it; and whether I can make her serve me as I want to be served."

This was the gist of Mr. Sheldon's meditations; but they lasted for some time. The question which he had to settle was an important one, and he was too wise a man not to contemplate a subject from every possible point of sight before arriving at his decision. He took a letter-clip from one side of his table, and turned over several open letters in search of some particular document.

He came at last to the letter he wanted. It was written on very common note-paper, with brown-looking ink, and the penmanship was evidently that of an uneducated person; but Mr. Sheldon studied its contents with the air of a man who is dealing with no unimportant missive.

This was the letter which so deeply interested the stock-broker:

"HONORED SIR—This coms hopping that You and Your Honored ladie are well has it leevs me tho nott so strong has i coud wish wich his nott too bee expect at my time off life my pore neffew was tooke with the tyfus last tewsday weak was giv over on thirsday and we hav berried him at kensil grean Honored Mr. Sheldon I hav now no home my pore neece must go hout into survis Luckly there har no Childring and the pore gurl can gett hur living as housmade wich she were in survis hat hi gate befor she marrid my pore Joseff Honored sir i ham trewly sorry too trubbel you butt i think for hold times you will forgiv the libertey off this letter i would nott hintrewd on you iff i had any frend to help me in my old aig

"Your obeddient survent

"17 Little Totiles-yard lambeft" AN WOOLPER

"No friend to help her in her old age," muttered Mr. Sheldon; "that means that she intends to throw herself upon me for the rest of her life, and to put me to the expense of burying her when she is so obliging as to die. Very pleasant, upon my word! A man has a servant in the days of his poverty, pays her every fraction he owes her in the shape of wages, and wishes her good-speed when she goes to settle down among her relations; and one fine morning, when he has got into a decent position, she writes to inform him that her nephew is dead, and that she expects him to provide for her forthwith. That is the gist of Mrs. Woolper's letter; and if it were not for one or two considerations I should be very much inclined to take a business-like view of the case, and refer the lady to her parish. What are poor-rates intended for, I should like to know, if a man who pays four-and-twopence in the pound is to be pestered in this sort of way?"

And then Mr. Sheldon, having given vent to his vexation by such reflections as these, set himself to examine the matter in another light.

"I must manage to keep sweet with Nancy Woolper somehow or other, that's very clear; for a chattering old woman is a dangerous enemy for a man to have. I might provide for her decently enough out of doors for something like a pound a week; and that would be a cheap enough way of paying off all old scores. But I'm not quite clear that it would be a safe way. A life of idleness might develop Mrs. Woolper's latent propensity for gossip—and gossip is what I want to avoid. No, that plan won't do."

For some moments Mr. Sheldon meditated silently, with his brows fixed even more sternly than before. Then he struck his hand suddenly on the morocco-covered table and uttered his thoughts aloud.

"I'll risk it," he said; "she shall come into the house and serve my interests by keeping a sharp watch upon Charlotte Halliday. There shall be no secret marriage between those two. No, my friend Valentine, you may be a very clever fellow, but you are not quite clever enough to steal a march upon me."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Mr. Sheldon wrote a few lines to Nancy Woolper, telling her to call upon him at the Lawn.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE ROW.

MRS. SUTTON was already dressed for her ride when John Wilmot went into her drawing-room the following day. She was standing by the window gently switching her side with her whip, with a look of impatience on her face. She turned quickly as the door opened, and the impatient expression vanished instantly.

"Ah! it is you," she said; "I have been watching for you." Then she gave him her hand kindly, so kindly that it made him think how different the niece, his old love, was to her aunt, his new friend.

"Ellen is late," Mrs. Sutton went on: then they heard the sharp trot of a horse rapidly approaching, and Marian laughed, and added, "the signal for her to make her appearance is sounded."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Sutton?" the young farmer asked.

"Mr. Eldale's horse's hoofs," she replied.

It was on the tip of his tongue to exclaim—

"Does she care for him, then?" but he refrained, and only said, "Is Ellen going to ride his horse again to-day?"

"Yes," Mrs. Sutton said; and then she held her hand out toward him and asked him, "Is it not abominable that gauntlet gloves should only be made in sizes too large for me? These bag and make my hands look horrible."

"That they don't," he said, bluntly. Sore as his heart was about Ellen he could not help seeing Mrs. Sutton's hand, and, seeing it, he could not help admiring it. It was a lovely hand in truth, a far prettier hand than had ever been held out in friendship or flirtation to the young farmer before. Clearly it belonged to a class above him. He felt this, and sighed as he remembered that the lady who owned it was the aunt of the girl he wanted to marry. He recovered his spirits as he reflected that she was only the aunt by marriage, no blood relation at all, in fact.

"I wish Mr. Eldale would lend me such a mare as Ellen rides," Mrs. Sutton said, presently, a little complainingly; "my horse pulls at me cruelly always when I am riding with other people, especially when I ride with Ellen, for she lets her mare pull ahead of mine, and Cavalier can't stand that. Will you be my escort today," she said, winningly, "and so save my poor hands from being torn to pieces?"

"Yes, if you like," he replied, a little discontentedly, and then Ellen came down and they started, Mr. Eldale and Ellen falling behind at once, and Mrs. Sutton absorbing as much of the rustic Apollo's attention as she could by playing off (through the unsuspected influences of a spur) every trick of "riding" that she knew.

He felt aggrieved in a measure, this rustic Apollo, on whom this graceful woman of the world believed herself to be conferring a colossal boon by noticing him at all. He felt himself to be aggrieved for all this condescension. He had come up expressly to see Ellen, and to win Ellen back into the right way of thinking as regarded himself. He had come up for this end and for no other; and it had been in his programme that he would hold himself aloof not haughtily, but independently from such of her people as had chilled her heart toward him. These were the ends he had come up for, and he had not fulfilled one of them. How should he have done so, when he had nothing but his honesty of purpose, and his ignorance of all things beyond his farm-yard and turnip-fields to oppose to the subtlety of this gentlewoman bred and born who had set herself against his plans?

The dainty lady managed him well. The Row was crowded, and many of Mrs. Sutton's acquaintances pulled up to speak to her as she reined in close to the railings at the Piccadilly end of the ride. People were curious to know who Mrs. Sutton had caught in her toils, for Marian's peculiarities were no secrets. "Handsome, but bad style," was the verdict pronounced after the first keen, apparently careless glance bestowed on the young man whose seat, hands, and clothes were all perfect; but who lacked the nameless something which gentlemen possess.

John Wilmot was very silent, and for this Marian was heartily grateful. Had he insisted on talking before any of her friends, his pronunciation would have broken down her plans of keeping him away from Ellen, and so giving Ellen a chance with Mr. Eldale—whose money in the family was to be the family's salvation, Marian thought. But John Wilmot brooded over his inability to get speech with Ellen in silence when they paused by the railings, and when they were cantering down the Row, he might say what he liked, no one could hear him.

She was very like a cat playing with a mouse in her manners to this "son of the soil," as she called him to herself. She knew every art, every trick, every bit of finesse by which the taste of man can be touched, and his heart turned toward woman. And she practiced all she knew. Giving him attention, sweet smiles, kind words, asking his opinion on subjects of which he might reasonably be supposed to have one, and generally not suffering him to feel himself at a disadvantage while he was with her. And all these things which Marian did Ellen left undone, being deficient in that fine tact which would have made her aunt please and flatter both men under similar circumstances.

Meanwhile the foiler was being foiled. Externally the arrangement which clever Marian had made was carrying itself out beautifully; but in reality it was as complete a failure as it deserved. It was all a waste of time and talent that Mr. Eldale should have been lured into offering his horse to Ellen, and manœuvred into a position at her side in the crowded Row, for he was chafing in spirit the whole time, and laughing bitterly at the weakness which could conceive itself to be capable of compromising him into making an offer to the vulgar little country girl to whom he was only kind for the sake of her amusing, pretty, interesting young aunt. Mr. Eldale had an aptitude for many things, but he had no aptitude for being married against his will, and it would never be his will to marry Ellen.

Already the poor girl was beginning to pay the penalty demanded of those who play with fire. She had commenced by regarding Mr. Eldale as the stars above her, and as she had said to John Wilmot the night before, as the Prince Imperial. But at last he was so kind and considerate, and he seemed to wish her to ride his horse, and other versions of the King Cophetua story would obtrude themselves on her mind, and she was only a woman. At last love began to mingle itself insidiously with admiring reverence, and to poison all the future to her when she fancied that she might have to pass it with John Wilmot, instead of with the graceful gentleman who would sooner have cut his throat than marry her.

It made her tremble, and her heart went down with a dull thud, when after a sharp trot they pulled up at some distance from Mrs. Sutton and John Wilmot, and Mr. Eldale broke silence by saying:

"I suppose it is coming to a climax by *la belle* aunt devoting herself to him so entirely: he is a fine young fellow—when is it to be?"

"When is what to be?" Ellen stuttered out, with a mixture of pain and mortification that she had never experienced about the subject before. She knew what he meant quite well, and it hurt her horribly that he should speak of the man he supposed she would marry as "a fine young fellow," just as though John were nothing more.

Then pang the second smote her. He was "a fine young fellow," and he was nothing more. Her heart swelled with sorrow that it should ever have been given to one on whom Mr. Eldale looked down. "Why did he come up to shame her?" she thought, with the tears in her eyes. And then Mr. Eldale looked at her, and marked that she sat badly, and that her face was puffed up with heat and suppressed emotion, and wondered why he suffered himself to be seen with such a pair of bumpkins. "Why does not Marian get rid of them both; let them go back to their native wilds and marry; what can her little game be?" he soliloquized, as he saw and understood the full force of order of the little airs and graces which Marian was bringing to bear on the "rustic Apollo."

That morning's ride was not too pleasant to any of them, for each wished for another companion, or for that companion to be in another mood. Vague dread—vague depressing dread of an unhappiness to come which she could not avert, darkened Ellen's soul. Whatever out-look she gazed through she saw nothing but pain and disappointment for either John or herself. And this feeling of utter inability to avoid giving pain to one who is dear as friend still, who has been dear as lover, is agonizingly painful. If he would only "speak out," as she called it ("he" being Mr. Eldale), and John would only go away and wear his heart out in silence where she could not be a witness of his sufferings, the sun of happiness might irradiate her path once more. But, as things were now, it was as much as she could do to keep up a fair exterior, and not seem the despondent, love-sick, untrained-in-the-art of concealment country damsel that she was.

"What are your plans for to-night?" Mrs. Sutton asked of John Wilmot, when at about half past one they turned out of the Row, and wended their way homeward. "It's useless, I suppose, expecting you to sacrifice to us at kettle-drum at five?"

"What is that?" he asked.

"One of our latest, nicest follies; tea and talk before dinner. Will you come, though? of course you've a thousand other things to do?"

"I have nothing else to do," he replied.

"Now, Mr. Wilmot, I own I deserved that answer, for even appearing to suppose that I might charm you away from all your other claims; of course you have a great deal to do—still be with us at five, will you?"

"Would he?" of course he would, when the neatly-worded invitation was backed by such a pair of appealing eyes.

"Now—see how exacting we women grow in proportion to the concessions made: will you drive with us after luncheon? I can introduce you to the best ices in London, so I am worth going with, I assure you."

"Is Ellen going?" he asked, bluntly.

Mrs. Sutton nodded assent, and then John Wilmot felt that he had nothing whatever to urge against her proposition. Surely, during the course of the drive, he would be enabled to say those few potent words to Ellen which he had traveled up to town expressly to utter.

They went home to luncheon—to a well-ordered luncheon, that, like its predecessor, the dinner of the day before, made John Wilmot fancy Ellen far above him again while she was eating it. Still, for all his fidelity, he could not help comparing Ellen with her aunt. It came to him to see that the elder lady managed her figure and her movements in her habit better than his affianced bride. The narrow, clinging folds of cloth did not hamper or fetter Mrs. Sutton in the slightest degree—it became drapery of the most becoming description under her treatment. But Ellen looked far from at home in the garb: she was bewildered by it apparently as soon as she came off her horse, and this John Wilmot felt sorry for and surprised at; for he did not know that it is not given to one woman in a thousand to be a perfectly "free and fetterless thing" in a habit, when walking on the earth.

The luncheon occupied a long time; and then Mr. Eldale took leave of them, and the ladies went off to dress. By-and-by the carriage was ready, and Mrs. Sutton came down alone, and so exquisitely arrayed that John Wilmot almost forgot that she was alone for a minute or two. She had been a bewitching beauty to the unsophisticated Apollo in her hat and habit; she was simply bewildering to him now, in one of Hortense's highest triumphs.

"Won't Elly come?" he recovered his judgment to the extent of asking this question, as he followed the lady, who was flattering his boyish pride so deftly, down stairs. Mrs. Sutton just looked back over her shoulder—and the gesture she used was very graceful—and laughed.

"She has a headache, Mr. Wilmot, so you must accept my society alone, in default of better. Ellen will be better by five o'clock: can you put up with me alone?"

He made a clumsy effort to break the chain that was beginning to encircle him.

"You don't mean what you say," he blurted out; "you think I ought to be pleased enough to go with you, if you can put up with me; that's what you mean, is it not?"

He faltered a little as he asked this; it would have hurt him so much, poor fellow! to be told the truth, though he asked for it.

She was giving him her hand to help him in even as he spoke; and she gave him just a tiny pressure as he concluded.

"How exacting you all are!" she whispered, smiling; "you will have the compliment in words as well as in deed always. Why should I ask you to go with me if I did not wish it?"

"I hardly know," he exclaimed; and then he got in by her side, and the door was banged and the step put up, and they rolled off, he thinking what a blessed thing it would be for him if Ellen were only like her aunt, and she thinking that the farmer was not worth the candle; that her vanity would never receive sufficient gratification from the adulation and adoration of this rustic to compensate her for the strain it was on her to entertain what she denominated "merely a handsome clown."

John Wilmot thought it strange that, in what appeared to him to be an interminable, inextricable wilderness of streets and squares, they should meet Mr. Eldale. They had pulled up at Gunter's doors; and Mrs. Sutton was placidly eating an ice, and thinking what a superb footman John Wilmot would make; and John Wilmot was half blushing at being the escort of a lady who was committing what he had been taught to consider the solecism in manners of eating in the street, when Mr. Eldale sauntered out, and came up to Marian's side of the carriage.

"You hear?" she said, laughing.

"It surprises you very much, does it not?"

"No; nothing surprises me," she answered, carelessly handing the plate to John Wilmot to carry in for her royally—likewise royally leaving it to him to pay for her luxury. "Nothing surprises me that you do," she repeated.

"Do I not do what is pleasing to you now, Marian?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Mrs. Sutton, you mean," she laughed, holding up her hand warningly. "No, you do not do what is pleasing to me when you insist on remembering what you ought to forget, and on forgetting what you ought to remember."

"What do I forget?—very little, I assure you," he said, quickly; and Mrs. Sutton had only time to say, "Do be careful," before John Wilmot came back.

"Where now, Circe?" Mr. Eldale asked, moving from a recumbent to an erect position, and drawing on the one pale gray glove which he had taken off while he was speaking to Mrs. Sutton.

"What a simple one I should be!" she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "Where?—well, to tell the truth I have seen and been seen enough to-day. I shall go for a quiet drive in Richmond Park. Good-by: come to me at five and tell me the news."

And she drove off, nodding and laughing to her friend, causing John Wilmot to get dazzled, and (for some reason or other) to wonder where her husband could be all this time.

CHAPTER XXV.

SILVER-GIFT.

Lionel Talbot and Miss Lyon had gone through the first, and perhaps the worst phase of an engagement. They had declared their intentions respecting each other to all whom it did concern, and to many whom it did not concern, even remotely. This latter statement must, however, be accepted as a truth without questioning; for if the subject were sifted, ingenious gossips would prove (or "nearly" prove, which with the majority of women is enough) that every body who has ever spoken to or seen a bride, or bridegroom, has a right to offer felicitations, so dubiously worded that they sound like condolences, and to suggest the existence of causes and impediments to the union of the principal powers.

It must be borne in mind that the neighborhood in which the fact broke out was a country one; that its interests were small; that its older inhabitants existed rather than lived; and that, socially and, above all, intellectually, stagnation reigned. These conditions fully understood and accepted, as one learns to accept measles, bores, and other drawbacks to life indifferently, the results are to be guessed with precision. No man or woman would be wronged by the marriage when it did take place; but for all that, when the first report of it was heard in the land that was so barren of news, the teeth of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were gnashed upon the pair, who had not even the grace to smart under the bites.

While Mrs. Sutton, up in London, was trying to recover the ground her husband had lost through her brother in the monetary world, by flirting John Wilmot and Ellen asunder, for the sake of securing Mr. Eldale and his wealth in the family, Blanche and Lionel had been using their brains in a more legitimate manner. There was a strong family feeling—a good, true-toned chord of sympathy between the Talbot brothers, and Lionel did earnestly desire to see Edgar "on his legs again," as he phrased it; and Blanche shared Lionel's desire, for she was strongly possessed by the womanly weakness of liking for the man who would have loved her best.

He had taken the tidings of his brother's engagement in a far better spirit than they had dared to hope he would have done. Beatrice had been deputed to tell him about it; and Beatrice had done her duty well. That is to say she had told him quietly, and she had never seemed to see how pale he got, and then how flushed, and how his hands went up and covered his face for one moment of abandonment as he listened.

When they all meet in the evening, just before dinner, there was no parade of the fact that might be painful to him made. Blanche was speaking to Frank, who was as buoyantly happy on the occasion as it became Frank to be; and Lionel was reading a notice of an exhibition at Manchester, to which he had sent several of his pictures.

"*Place aux dames,*" Edgar said, going up to Blanche; "my heartiest wishes for your happiness; but I was astonished."

"So was I," she said, laughing and blushing a little. And then Edgar turned to his brother, and gripped Lionel's hand; and the congratulations that would be the hardest to offer were over.

A great many people were good enough to declare it to be an "ill-advised match;" for Miss Lyon had the reputation, among the broad-minded denizens of the neighboring nooks and corners, of being "fast," because she was fascinating; and extravagant, because she regarded beauty, and would have it upon and about her if she could. Naturally their list of acquaintances was a small one, and they did not mark one "intimate friend" upon it. But when the few who knew them down here came, curiosity developed intimacy in a manner that was most marvelous—the battery of inquiry being chiefly directed against the mother, who was willing to tell every thing she knew, if only it would have appeased them.

"Rather a rash thing for Miss Lyon to do, is it not?" one asked. And when Mrs. Lyon, with a ghastly vision of Lionel's having a first wife in the back-ground, and being by-and-by transported for bigamy (else why would it be rash for Blanche to marry him?) asked, affrightedly, "Why?" the lady went on—

"Oh! unless he can maintain her, of course: if he can, as she has been accustomed to be maintained; but he must have more than any body supposes if he can."

"Five hundred a-year won't keep them, as she will want to live," another judicious friend observed; and when Mrs. Lyon repeated this prophecy to Blanche, the latter replied, brightly,

"We shall raise that between us easily enough, mamma, you can tell any inquiring friends."

"Between you?" Mrs. Lyon cried, in horror-stricken accents; "you're not going to disgrace yourself by going out as governess again, especially when you're married?"

"Never fear that, mamma; I shall never try to combine such conflicting elements again, believe me." Then she got up, rather nervously, and added, "I have a greater surprise for you than the announcement of my marriage. I have made my mark in a way that all who love me may be proud of. I have written a book that has put me on a platform where a queen might be proud to stand; and now I am going on to write in my own name, and to take all the honors that come to me to myself as my very own, to myself."

Mrs. Lyon did not understand her daughter's elation; only an artist can sympathize with one; but she was rejoiced to hear that the occupation into which her daughter had thrown herself with all the bright *verve* and vigor characteristic of her, was so glorious a one. And then Blanche, whose head was just a little turned by this success of hers, brought together a lot of reviews, and read them aloud, and believed in them, tyro that she was, when they flattered her for her skill in psychology, and prognosticated her rapid rise.

Her art life, her inner life, her other life; it would have been a mine of wealth to her even if her heart-life had been dull and void. As it was it was such a fitting accompaniment to the brilliant strain love made of life. The girl was almost too happy. Both as woman and artist she was being so well dealt with by fate. "And it will be dearer to me; it will come home nearer to me, when I get it in my own name, Lal," she said to her lover: "to read sweet phrases of one's self as the 'author of so-and-so,' is sweet; but it will be sweeter now that I have made up my mind to write under my own name; and it will be sweeter still," she added, "when it will be as your wife that I win whatever I may win."

"We had better live in town, that you may have the advantage of literary associates," he said.

"Yes, just long enough for me to get to know some of the stars in the literary heaven; then we'll come and settle here in some place near to Frank and Trixy (for that will be, Lal)."

"Won't you find that dull?"

"No; surely any one who cares for our society might come to us in the autumn; there are just three or four, Lal, whom I began corresponding with as strangers, when I commenced writing, that I should like to know more of when I am settled down here."

"A little of the Bohemian element down here will be like water in a dry land," Lionel said, laughing; "how will it ever arrive to you to entertain and be entertained in a country clique, Blanche? You're wishing more than you wot of, child," he added, seriously, "in proposing that this should be your permanent home."

"When I suffer 'more than well 'twould suit philosophy to tell' we can go off for a breath of more invigorating mental air; and, after all, Lal, in any place we can live for each other and ourselves; we need never be bored: whoever is wisest and brightest in this country-side is sure to be drawn toward the sole representative of current literature; and it's the mistress of a house makes the society of it, remember. My house can never be dull."

"People may say it is not decorous if you make it too pleasant," Lionel said, smiling.

"Then they will be stupid, and against stupidity even the gods fight in vain, as you know. I am not afraid of any one whose thoughts are worth my thinking about considering me aught but decorous; are you, Lal?"

"No," he said, "my darling; you are all that a woman should be, and that a man can want."

GATHERING POND LILIES.

All along the grassy borders, amid the shining weeds,
  Where the softly murmuring current flows sweet, and cool, and clear,
Close into the margin, among the slender reeds,
  The white and waxen lilies with their golden eyes appear.

High and blue above us smiles the summer sky;
  Here and there a cloud-shape lifts its snowy brow;
While the surface of the water, as we go drifting by,
  Is stirred in glassy ripples by our gently gliding prow.

O, sweet and pleasant is it, in these heated August days,
  To float upon the river, as oft in days before,
Ere yet the sun above us sheds his higher noontide rays,
  And gather the fair lilies in the shadow of the shore.

Their leaves are white and waxen as Lilia's forehead fair;
  Their stems are lithe and graceful as Julia's slender form;
And their eyes as purely golden as Marian's regal hair,
  When in its wavy masses the sunshine glitters warm.

Along the river's borders the water-willows gleam,
  Their silvery tapering branches inverted in the tide;
And each gently nodding lily that stirs the limpid stream
  Seems of every passing ripple the fair enchanted bride.

O, sweet and pleasant is it, in these later summer days,
  To float upon the water, as oft in days before,
Ere the sun from out the heavens sheds his higher noontide rays,
  And gather the fair lilies that grow beside the shore.

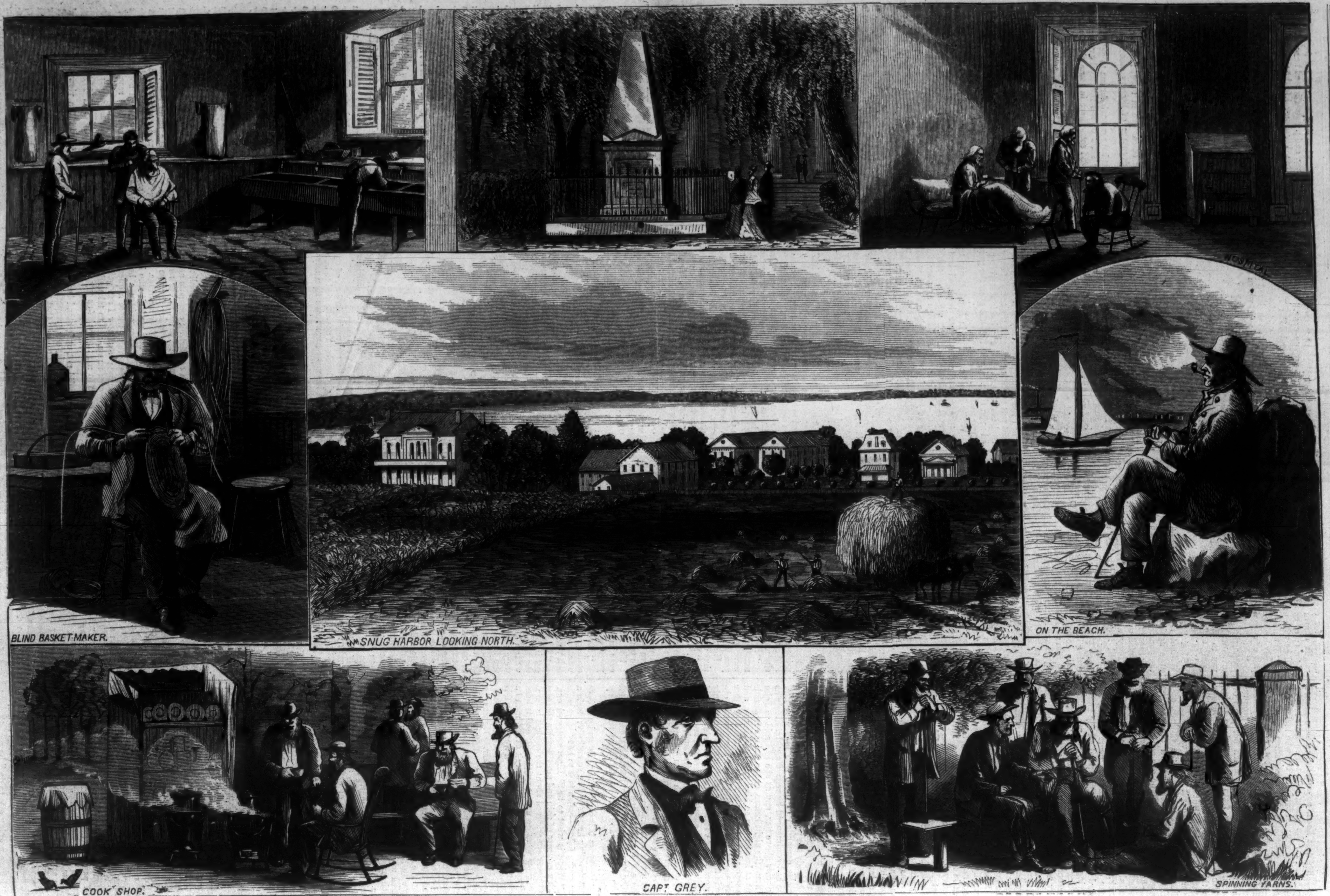
THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

During the last session of the Legislature an act was passed chartering a Company, and authorizing the construction of a suspension bridge from Brooklyn to New York city. By the provisions of the act the bridge is to run, when completed, from Franklin Square, New York, to the intersection of Maine and Fulton streets, Brooklyn. The exact dimensions and plans of the proposed bridge have not as yet been made public; the distance between the points mentioned as the termini of the work is about 4600 feet—nearly seven-eighths of a mile.

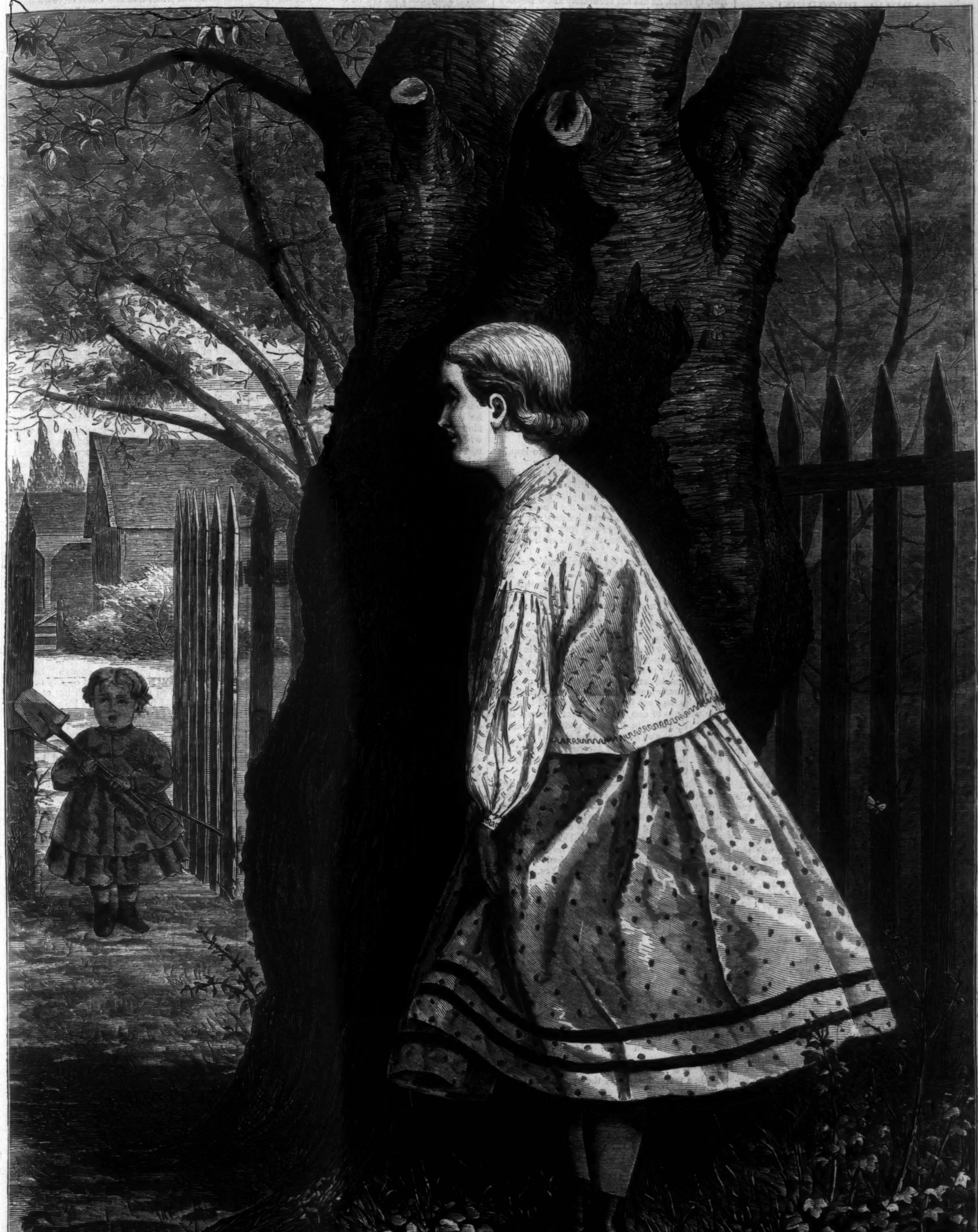
With more than the usual vigor displayed by such chartered corporations, the Brooklyn Bridge Company has gone actively to work, and is now engaged on the Long Island shore in boring for a foundation for one of the piers which are necessary to the support of the wires. We give an engraving on page 549 illustrating the boring process. It is the same generally pursued in boring Artesian wells, and is conducted by Mr. Spangler, an operator who has had much success in Artesian and oil-well boring. At latest accounts the operators had reached a depth of 42 feet.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

We give on page 552 a view of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a home for aged and disabled sailors, located on Staten Island. The "Snug Harbor" is a charitable institution endowed many years ago by the late Captain Randall, and its chief support at the present time is derived from the legacy of that gentleman. Our engraving serves to illustrate the life which the sailors lead in this quiet home.


HOSPITAL.
BLIND BASKET-MAKER.
SNUG HARBOR LOOKING NORTH.
ON THE BEACH.
COOK SHOP.
CAPT. GREY.
SPINNING YARNS.

THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK—THE HOME FOR DISABLED SEAMEN.—[See Page 551.]



"HIDE AND SEEK"—AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE JUVENILES.—Drawn by Frank Bellew.—[See Page 558.]

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book IV.

CHAPTER III.

ALFRED TRESCOTT PLAYS THE PATRON.

No such flourish of trumpets and tapping of kid-gloved hands as encouraged young Trescott heralded Mabel's first appearance in Dublin. She was announced simply as Miss M. A. Bell, from the Theatre Royal, Kilclare, and came out in no more prominent a character than that of Hero in Shakspeare's play of Much Ado about Nothing. But that first attempt was sufficient to convince Mr. Barker, the manager, that his new recruit was an acquisition of no common value. He at once engaged her for the season at the munificent salary of two guineas per week! Mabel was transported with joy and gratitude. The great news was written at once to Hazlehurst, and the proposal made that Dooley and her mother should come out and join Mabel at once. Mrs. Saxelby had already mentioned to her daughter that Job Smith, the man who attended to her garden, had made an offer to rent the cottage whenever she should be disposed to let it. There was a lodging to be had in the square in which Mrs. Walton lived that would suit Mabel and her mother and Dooley. Circumstances seemed for once to arrange themselves favorably; nothing was wanting but Mrs. Saxelby's consent to the scheme.

"Why, Mrs. Philip is sure not to hesitate, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "so anxious as she must be to be with you again."

Mabel, however, did not feel quite so certain about the matter. She knew that the responsibility of making any business arrangement, even the getting rid of such scanty furniture as still belonged to her, would appear very terrible to her mother. "If I could be with mamma for a day or two, I dare say it would all be settled very soon," said Mabel. However, she encouraged herself to hope that Mrs. Saxelby would resolve to make the effort.

And now began for Mabel Earnshaw—alias Miss M. A. Bell—a period of hard, anxious, unremitting toil. Such persons as suppose a player's life to be one of idleness and self-indulgence, or those stage-struck heroes and heroines who yearn for the theatre as an escape from such commonplace elements of success in life as patience, industry, steadiness, and attention, would have been mightily astonished if the faithful record of the work that Mabel put into one week could have been brought under their notice.

Mr. Barker soon found his account in putting forward Miss M. A. Bell as much as possible. And this circumstance—although, of course, desirable for her professional advancement—had the disadvantage of bringing down upon her head a great deal of ill-will and jealousy. With whatever outward serenity her proud self-command enabled her to bear it, this sometimes caused her very real pain. It was, too, unfortunate for Mabel that her two stanchest supporters were both peculiarly disliked by their comrades. These were old Jerry Shaw and Alfred Trescott. The former, indeed, was never popular with his fellow-actors, but was tolerated as a privileged person whose eccentricities were licensed by long custom, and who commanded a certain respect by his age and the rigid honesty of his character. But for Alfred Trescott there was but one feeling of distrust and dislike. The insolence of his temper, increased by prosperity to an intolerable and overbearing arrogance, was continually offending those around him to whom he could dare show his real nature; and as Lady Popham's patronage had filled his head with the most extravagant ideas of his own importance and the brilliant future that awaited him, he was careless whom he wounded, or whose animosity he excited among the people connected with the Dublin theatre. "What the devil do *I* care for these confounded show-folks?" he would say, in answer to any remonstrance from his father. "Do you suppose it matters one straw to me what *they* say or think? I don't believe, governor, that you quite understand or realize my position yet."

But though coarsely insolent to the rest of the performers, he made so great a difference in his manner to Mabel as to appear almost deferential by contrast. Her own occupations were so engrossing at this time, and the meditations of her few leisure moments so far removed from any considerations connected with Alfred Trescott, that it was long before she became sensible of the contrast that his behavior to her presented with his usual demeanor. When she did become aware of it, far from deriving any gratification from the fact of being singled out for this distinction, it caused her very great annoyance. Out of the theatre she did not see much of him. The promises he had made in the summer of coming to play for Mr. Earnshaw remained unfulfilled. He was so constantly occupied, he said, with preparations for his concert, and with hard practice; and John Earnshaw and his wife accepted these excuses as being perfectly natural and indeed inevitable. But there were several people in Dublin—the Honorable Arthur Skidley and Walter Charlewood among others—who could have accounted for a great many hours of Alfred Trescott's time that were certainly neither devoted to study nor passed in attendance on Lady Popham.

Young Trescott, however, did call at Mrs. Walton's residence late in the afternoon of the day on which it had been decided in Merrion Square that Signor Carlo Bensa should be applied to to conduct the concert. Alfred had told Lady Popham that he was acquainted with Signor Bensa, and would deliver the note to him. But, in truth, he did not accurately know Bensa's address, and had come to Mrs. Walton's house with the double purpose of obtaining the direction and of presenting himself in the character of patron, by skillfully conveying to the family the impression that it was owing to his suggestion that this piece of professional employment had been thrown in Bensa's way.

As Alfred approached the house in the half-built square where Mrs. Walton lived he heard the clear penetrating tones of a silvery soprano voice ringing through the slightly-built dwelling, and on being shown into the sitting-room found Carlo Bensa seated at the piano-forte, with Corda standing by his side, and singing a slow scale to his accompaniment. Mrs. Walton and her husband were listening with pleased faces, and Madame Bensa, seated on a low stool by the fire, was pretending to hush down her good-humored crowing baby, who, holding on by its mother's forefinger, was displaying a pair of very plump, mottled legs, partly clad in knitted woolen socks, and perseveringly executing a series of pawing steps with one foot, apparently under the impression that that was the ordinary method of locomotion.

"Oh, Alf dear!" cried Corda, when her brother opened the door. "Oh, Alf!" There was something affecting in the half-timid wholly loving action of the child as she ran up to her brother and took his hand. Alfred was by no means pleased to find her there at that moment, and his first impulse was to push her away impatiently; but, recollecting himself, he changed the movement into a sort of caress, and tapped Corda lightly on the shoulder.

"Signor Bensa," said he, after saluting the others, "you're the very man I wanted to see."

"Ah?" returned the Italian, with an interrogatory raising of his eyebrows and a slight inclination of his head.

"Yes; I came here, in fact, partly to inquire your address. I—I have a note for you."

Alfred found the performance of his new character of patron a little more difficult in practice than in theory. The very simplicity and unobtrusiveness that characterized the whole family made it difficult. However, he was not easily made bashful or embarrassed, and he put Lady Popham's note into Bensa's hands with a flourish.

"I told my lady that I would undertake to deliver it myself. My lady asked me to give you a message, but I thought it better that she should write. I mentioned to my lady that I thought you were the very man for her purpose."

Carlo Bensa read and understood English very well, but Lady Popham's cramped hand-writing and peculiar orthography puzzled him. He handed the perfumed note to his wife, who, cutting short baby at the culminating moment when she had just made the discovery that the art of walking was performed by the alternate movement of both legs, and not by the persistent and consecutive pawings of one, whipped that sweetest-tempered of infants in a highly undignified bundle into her lap, and began to read attentively.

"Wants you to go to Merrion Square at two o'clock to-morrow, Charles. All very polite and civil. Can you manage it, dear?"

"Oh, certainly," said Bensa, after a little thought. "At two? Yes; I can go to miladi Popham at two." And the little man referred for a moment to a well-worn leather-bound note-book, containing the list of his engagements.

"You may see a former pupil of yours there," said Alfred, feeling that it might be well to mention it beforehand, "a Miss O'Brien."

"Meess O'Brien? Davvero? Yes. A very amiable young lady; but for singing—!" The Italian made an indescribable gesture expressive of deep dejection, such as a Briton might have thought appropriate for the announcement of some dire misfortune; the death of a dear and valued friend, for instance.

"Ah, indeed!" rejoined Alfred, coolly. "Well, she is a charming girl, Signor Bensa, and a great—" he hesitated for a word, and finally brought out, "*friend* of yours. She agreed the moment I mentioned your name, and we persuaded Lady Popham to intrust the management of the affair to you. It's about my concert, you know."

"Ah, ah?" said Bensa, receiving the announcement with more self-possession than young Trescott could have desired. "Yes, ah, yes. We shall see, we shall see." And he made a memorandum of the appointment in his note-book.

"My dear Trescott," said Mr. Earnshaw, turning his sightless face in Alfred's direction, "we have been having a great deal of pleasure. Really a great deal. Charles has been trying Corda's voice, and speaks so highly of it. He says she ought to begin to study regularly at once."

"Umph!" said Alfred, rather sulkily, "I don't know about that. There's plenty of time yet."

"I shall speak to Mr. Trescott, your father, myself," said Bensa, very quietly. "I have a little word to say to him about Corda."

The child's face was radiant with pleasure as she looked up at the singing-master, but it was obvious that her brother's unsympathizing manner damped her; she watched him furtively, and stole up close to his side, and apart from the others, as though to disclaim any separation from him.

"I should like to learn, Alf, if papa liked—and you," she added, the last two words quickly and in an undertone.

Her brother did not answer her, but, turning to Mrs. Walton, said, with the faintest possible tinge of color in his clear dark cheek, "Miss—Miss Mabel is not at home, I suppose?"

"Yes; but very busy. She has had to study four new parts this week, and a rehearsal every day. They don't let her be out of the bill one night. However, it's all for the best, of course. And she is so happy just now, expecting her mother and the little boy."

"Expecting Mrs. Saxelby?"

"Yes; that is to say, hoping that she will come out here. Nothing is settled yet, though."

"Good-day, Mrs. Walton. Good-day, Sir. I must be going. I, too, am so busy just now, I don't know which way to turn. Put on your things, pussy-cat; I'm going home, and will take you with me." Alfred spoke hurriedly, and waited with an impatient frown and compressed lips while the child put on her shabby, scanty mantle and hat.

"You must have a warmer winter cloak, Corda dear," said Polly, wrapping the child up with kind motherly fingers, and quietly slipping a little knitted shawl round her slender throat as she spoke. "I shall ask your papa to get you one when I see him."

"Oh no, Madame Bensa, please. Indeed I—I don't want it; papa will be sure to buy me what I want, or—or Alfred," said the child, with a burning blush and a pained, uneasy glance at her brother.

"Nonsense, Corda. Gentlemen never think of these things. I shall tell Mr. Trescott that you must be taken great care of, because Mr. Bensa says that you have quite a valuable little gold and diamond musical-box inside that small white throat of yours. There, give baby a kiss, and don't let her pull your curls out by the roots; she means it well, but I'm quite aware it is not agreeable, although she *is* my baby."

Alfred with difficulty repressed his ill-humor and impatience until they had left the house; but the moment he got the child into the street he seized her hand roughly, and, pulling her along to keep pace with his rapid stride, said, with sudden harshness, "What the devil's the meaning of this singing foolery? How long has it been going on? Who began it? D—n it, can't you speak?"

It was, in truth, not easy for Corda to speak, but she made shift to answer, breathlessly, "Please don't be angry, Alf. I didn't think it was wrong. Papa always said that I should learn singing some day, and Mr. Bensa said I had a good voice, and he made me sing the scales two or three times, and—and—oh, I *can't* go quite so fast, please, dear Alf!"

He slackened his pace very slightly, still holding her by the wrist. "And when's this woman coming?" he asked, looking down at his sister with his sidelong glittering glance.

"What woman, Alf?"

"Confound it all, you can be sharp enough sometimes. Mabel's mother, Mrs. Saxelby. I suppose you hear all they say?"

"Oh, not directly, I think, Alf. But indeed I don't know any more than Mrs. Walton told you."

"You're a little humbug."

"Oh, Alf, I'm *not* a humbug; I'm not. And you know better, and it's cruel to say so."

"None of your cheek. I won't stand it. You learn nice behavior at that house altogether. What do you mean by sneaking and whining to Madame Bensa that you haven't clothes to keep you warm?"

"Oh, Alf!"

"You do whine; and it's a nice reproach to your father, whom you say you're so fond of. And to *me!* But what do you care? So long as you can snivel and curry favor, no matter what impudence you subject us to. Yah! I'm disgusted with your selfishness."

He loosed her little gloveless hand as he spoke, and pushed her from him roughly.

"Oh, Alf! oh, Alf!" The cry seemed to come from the bottom of the little creature's heart, but she uttered no defense, and made no further answer; but as she pressed onward by his side, almost running to keep up with him as he strode recklessly through the crowded thoroughfares, the tears flowed unrestrainedly down the pale face, half hidden in the shadow of her shabby sunburnt hat.

CHAPTER IV.

EVIL DAYS IN HAMMERHAM.

THE Hutchinses in their kitchen in New Bridge Street, Mrs. Hatchett in her genteel educational establishment at Eastfield, the Reverend Decimus Fluke in the course of his busy round of daily occupations, the mild old clergyman in his quiet study at Hazlehurst, even Job Smith digging among the cabbages, had all heard rumors of money troubles and disaster impending over wealthy houses, and involving the ruin of poorer ones. Throughout Hammerham, and for miles around it, such rumors circulated.

In drawing-rooms, rich with gold and velvet; in dingy counting-houses whence the gold and velvet came; in marts where busy merchants met, and talked with baited breath and mysterious half-words and nods about the "ugly look of things over yonder;" behind long rows of factory-windows jarring and trembling to the whirr of the unresting wheels; in poor, brick-paved courts, where women clattered in and out on iron pattens; among groups of navvies resting from their toil at mid-day beside yawning pits whose earthy bed revealed vast iron main-pipes for the conveyance of gas or water through the town; by spruce young clerks, and steady middle-aged cashiers; by doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, and servants—the failure of the great banking firm of Benett and Benett was discussed eagerly.

Benett and Benett were not Hammerham people; but they had a branch establishment in the great Midland town; and around the closed doors of this establishment little knots of people gathered and lingered, with a wistful interest in the barred window-shutters, and an insatiable curiosity about every body who gained admittance into the silent house. Once or twice during the day succeeding the public announcement that Benett and Benett had stopped payment a cab had dashed up to the closed door of the bank, a young man, carrying papers in his hand, had jumped out of the vehicle, and, after ringing at the bell, had been admitted, and the door again jealously closed behind him. This incident had been much relished at each time of its occurrence by the mob of idlers.

"It's young Charlewood," observed one.

"Ah, Gandry and Charlewood's eldest son," said another.

"Don't he look pale? I wonder if *they're* hit very bad!"

"Oh, not them! They're a long chalk too rich. It's the poor folks as suffers the most, allus."

"Very true, Sir. Why, do you suppose now as Gandry and Charlewood—or Benett and Benett either, for that matter—'ll go without their glass of port-wine at dinner to-day? Not a bit on it. Lord, they could swim in port-wine, if they liked to it."

"Ah, and the poor working man helps to pay for it all!" chimed in a lounging young fellow, who had passed the whole morning in a lethargy of idleness leaning against a post opposite the bank door.

It was a time altogether of gloom, oppression, and panic. There are many business-houses, stable and flourishing, among us at this day, the heads of which were racked with doubt and terror and uncertainty for weeks after the memorable failure of Benett and Benett. Hundreds were ruined irretrievably. The great house raised so dense a dust in falling that it was not until the cloud had begun to clear off a little that it became possible to ascertain the extent of the ruins that had come crashing down with it. The shock paralyzed all those who came within the region of its influence at first, and then there followed a confused sauve qui peut scramble amidst the rubbish.

Day after day brought fresh tidings of disaster. Clement Charlewood had been but too correct in his previsions of wide-spread mischief. There was no time to look around for help to prop the tottering fabrics, or even to depart from them unscathed. Shock succeeded shock, like those terrible South American earthquakes that lay waste wide cities in a few convulsive throes. Clement was indefatigable, energetic, thinking of every thing, sparing his father as much as it was possible to spare him, shielding his mother and sister, as far as in him lay, from the wearing suspense and anxiety he was doomed to suffer himself. They knew that much was wrong, but they did not guess the extent of the mischief.

"If matters come to the worst my mother and Penny will know it soon enough," he said to his father. "If Penny could *do* any thing I would advise you to be open with her at once; but as she would be powerless to help us in this matter we may as well spare her as long as there is hope of our tiding over. But I would recommend that you write a line to Walter, giving him a hint that he may shortly have to retrench very greatly. He is thoughtless, and has got again into that set of Arthur Skidley's, and he has had one way and another very large sums of money from you lately."

"Poor Wat," groaned the father. "Poor Wat, poor Wat! It's so hard upon him!"

"It isn't light upon any of us, Sir."

"No; but Watty has such a spirit; and he's never been taught to know the value of money; and then he's got into such a high set. There never was such a boy for making high friends as Watty. You'll stand by your brother, Clem? You—you won't desert him?"

"Desert him, father?"

"No, no; I'm sure you never will, my lad. You'll do better for them all than— You'll remember what I say, Clem, and stand by your brother. Poor Watty! Such high friends as he'd made!"

In the midst of these anxieties, and of the overwhelming occupations that crowded upon him, Clement received the following note from Mrs. Saxelby:

> "DEAR MR. CHARLEWOOD,—It is so long since I have seen any of you that I hesitated to write lest you should have forgotten my very existence. But I am so harassed, and so in want of a little advice and assistance, that, remembering your many former kindnesses, and your promises of continued friendship, I venture to ask you to spare me half an hour at the cottage to-day or to-morrow, and at any hour that may suit you. I am leaving Hazlehurst to join Mabel in Ireland. Dooley sends you his love.
>
> "Yours always sincerely,
> "CLARA SAXELBY."
>
> "I hear rumors of great disasters in the business world. I trust they do not in any way affect you.
> "C. S."

The note was brought to Clement in the office, as he sat at his desk, heaped high with a mass of papers, and after a minute's consideration he hastily wrote a couple of lines, which ran thus:

> "DEAR MRS. SAXELBY,—I will be with you at eight o'clock this evening. I can not command my hours, and that will be my only chance of seeing you.
> "Yours always, C. C."

The day passed in unremitting anxious work on Clement's part. The afternoon post brought no relief to his mind. There came a telegraphic message from the north of England, importing that the strike among the railway navvies still continued, that hitherto no arrangement had been come to, and asking for instructions. If the matter were not speedily settled and the work resumed it would be too late to fulfill the contract within the specified time. Blow followed blow, until Clement felt stunned and dizzy.

"What does my father say, Stephens?" he asked.

"I can't get any thing out of the governor, Mr. Clem," replied the old clerk, gloomily shaking his head. "I don't like the look of the governor, Sir, at all. He's hit very hard, indeed, is the governor. In seven-and-twenty years, Mr. Clem, since before you were born, I've never seen the governor any thing like he is now."

"If there were but myself to bear it," muttered Clement, passing his hand wearily over his hot brow, "I should wish that the worst would come without more delay." He remembered the words afterward with a sickening pang, to think how little he anticipated what that "worst" would be.

After dinner that evening Clement left the drawing-room, and was putting on his great-coat in the hall, when Penelope ran down stairs and beckoned him into a small sitting-room that opened opposite to the dining-room.

"I want to speak to you, Clem," she said, in a whisper. "Come here one moment. Where's papa?"

"I left him in the dining-room. He seemed to be asleep."

Penelope opened the dining-room door very softly and looked in. Then she shut it again as softly, and came and stood beside her brother.

"He is sitting quite still, with his head leaning on his hands," she said; "but I don't think he is asleep. The decanter by his elbow is nearly empty. Oh, Clem! tell me truly, what is the matter? I am not weak; I am not a child. I will do whatever you request; but don't, for Heaven's sake, keep me in the dark."

"Penny," said her brother, taking her hand, "things are very bad with us. The smash of Benett and Benett seems to have been but the beginning of the end."

"Is it ruin, Clem?" she asked, keeping her eyes steadily on his face.

"Not yet. It may be that we shall weather the storm. But from day to day, from hour to hour, there is no certainty. That is the truth as far as I know it myself. These days since Benett's went have seemed to me like years."

She put her hand upon his arm. "Clement, you are not going out again to-night?"

"I must go. I have promised. I will be back by ten o'clock."

Still she held him. "I—I wish you need not go," she said. "I feel so depressed, so nervous. Not like me, is it? But I have an unaccountable dread upon me that I can not describe."

"The natural result of all this strain and suspense, my poor girl. You must be your own brave self, Penny, for my mother's sake."

Penelope Charlewood shook her head and shoulders as one who throws off a weight.

"There isn't trouble enough for you, Clem," she said, with a momentary spark of her old keen spirit in her eyes, "not worry, not anxiety enough for you, but *I* must make a fool of myself. If it was of any use to say, 'Forgive me,' I'd say it. But it isn't. All I can do is to conduct myself with as much of your patient courage as I can imitate. God bless you, Clem! You're the best son, the dearest brother, the truest— There, there. I'm not going to make an idiot of myself. I shall be up when you come home, but I'll try and get mamma to go to bed."

She dashed the tears from her eyes with the gesture of one who was ashamed of their being seen there, and, with a parting pressure of her brother's hand, ran swiftly up stairs again.

Clement found Mrs. Saxelby awaiting him in the well-known little parlor. The floor was strewn with a litter of straw and torn scraps of paper. A half-packed trunk stood open in one corner of the room, and though the main articles of furniture remained, such small objects of ornament as had survived the old days at Jessamine Cottage were gone.

"Dear Mr. Charlewood," cried the widow, taking his hand, "it is good of you to come to me. I began to fear I should not see you again before I went away."

"You are going immediately?"

"Yes; I did not quite know how soon when I wrote that note to you yesterday. But I have made up my mind to start to-morrow morning, having heard that by so doing I shall be able to leave Liverpool by the boat that Captain Duff commands. He took Mabel over, and was very kind to her, and it will be a great comfort for me to be in his care. Good Heavens!" she added, in a startled tone, as the light fell fully on Clement's face, "what is the matter? How shockingly ill you look!"

"I am not ill, only harassed. But never mind me now. You sent for me to help you in some way. What can I do for you?"

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that she had made up her mind to let the cottage, furnished as it was, to Job Smith the gardener and his wife. They had the chance of letting two rooms to a permanent lodger, and were steady, respectable people. They would purchase the furniture at a valuation. The old clergyman of Hazlehurst had been very kind, and had helped her. But there were two or three matters as to which she desired to consult Clement. "About those shares in the Gas Company, you know; and as to a suitable person to receive the rent for me," said Mrs. Saxelby. "I had half a mind to ask Mr. Charlewood to allow one of his clerks to look after it for me. But I didn't know. My late husband's other executor, Mr. Fluke, wouldn't have any thing to say to me now, I suppose. All his family so strongly disapprove of poor Mabel's going on the stage."

Then Clement asked her a few questions relative to her money affairs, and promised to see about a proper person whom she could empower to receive her rent from Job Smith.

"I am glad," he said, with a deep sigh, "that you are going to be with Miss Earnshaw. Have you—have you good news of her?"

"Excellent news, thank you. I begin to think, after all, Mr. Charlewood, that Mabel was right in acting as she has done. Right, at all events, in leaving Eastfield. The life there was killing her."

"I must be going, Mrs. Saxelby. I would not have come out at this late hour, but that it was, as I told you in my note, my only chance of seeing you. Give Dooley my love, please."

"You send no message to Mabel, then, Mr. Charlewood? Might not you and she be good friends again *now?*"

The "now" referred in Mrs. Saxelby's mind to Clement's supposed engagement to Miss O'Brien.

"If Miss Earnshaw would care to have me recalled to her remembrance, and to know that I—I— Good-by, Mrs. Saxelby. Think of me as one who will always be willing to serve you and stand by you as a friend as long as it may be in his power to do so."

"God bless you, Clement! I am very grateful for your kindness, and I wish you every—every happiness."

"Thank you. I must learn to be content with less than that."

"Must you? I believe there are few people with brighter chances of happiness than Clement Charlewood. But at this moment you are looking harassed and ill. Business troubles, I suppose? I hear of them on all hands."

"Good-by, Mrs. Saxelby."

"Good-by, Mr. Charlewood."

Clement had driven to Hazlehurst in a cab, but had dismissed the driver, meaning to return on foot. When he had gone some distance along the straight road he stopped and turned, fixing his eyes upon the light in the cottage parlor, that shone clear and bright through the darkness. He stood and watched it for some minutes, heedless of the cold, penetrating rain that had begun to fall. All at once the steady light moved and disappeared, then shone again for a moment out of an upper window, and then was seen no more. Clement turned resolutely toward the dull flare upon the night sky that was reflected from the great factory fires and household lights of Hammerham, and with a long, heavy sigh that came laboring from his breast, walked through the black, dreary weather toward his home.

WAITING FOR THE HARVEST.

When will the harvest come?
Not long to wait, upon the upland glowing,
Not long in valley rich with waving grain,
Not long to wait for profit of the sowing,
For crownèd sheaves of corn and heaped-up wain;
The fields have ripened in the sun of summer,
The sweet winds woo and kiss the laden ears,
Which bend a moment to the fragrant comer
And then again flash out as golden spears.
Soon will the harvest come!

When will the harvest come
Of toilsome action and of wearying thought,
Long waiting in the shadow of great sorrow,
Heart lessons oftentimes most dearly bought,
The anxious looking for a better morrow?
When will the harvest come of all our sowing?
When will the love be garnered into store
Which in old time seemed wasted in bestowing—
Will it return, increasing more and more?
When will the harvest come?

When will the harvest come?
The full fruition of the words once spoken,
The hopes we cherished and the prayers we sped?
It may be when the chords of life are broken,
When we who spake and hoped and prayed are dead.
The song we sang in triumph may be ringing
In ages yet to come when we are cold;
The future to our children may be bringing
The bread we cast upon the waves of old—
Then may the harvest come.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"**Taking Time by the Fore-lock**"—A late bacchanalian falling asleep with his latch-key in the front-door.

An Irishman being in an up-town church, where the collection apparatus resembled an election box, on its being passed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized, and could not vote, but he was ready to make a speech.

For Building Purposes.—We read in a contemporary that it is the custom in Nevada to throw silver bricks on the stage when a favorite actress plays. We suppose a mistake has arisen in the translation of *bric-à-brac*, though doubtless few actresses would object to laying the foundation of their fame and fortune with the building materials in question.

THE WANT OF THE WISE.

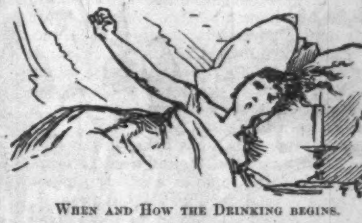
Would I could eat and drink at table
As much as ever I was able;
Including the last bit and drop
That would be good for me; then stop,
Informed, by some immediate warning,
That more would make me ill next morning.
A twinge, for instance, in the wrist,
Then I directly should desist,
And never more wake late in bed
Afflicted with an aching head;
Nausea, and loss of appetite,
From overmuch, had overnight.
Attacks of bile, too, I should 'scape,
And all those ills, of every shape,
Which do derive, beyond all question,
Their origin from indigestion.

Motto for an Arab Tribe—Up and Bedouin.

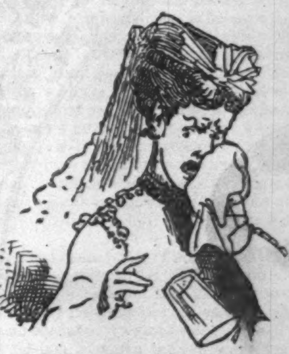
A lady was descanting on the virtues of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear Sir," she said, addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?" "Very promising, my lady, but—he never pays."

Ladies are anathematized for their folly in coloring their hair—or bleaching it, as the case may be. The following instance, from an English paper, is on the *other side:* A few weeks ago Sir George B—— was a stalwart, hearty-looking old gentleman, with gray hair. One evening, not long since, a middle-aged man with hair of the fashionable golden color presented himself at the door of the House of Commons, and insisted upon his right as a member to enter its sacred precincts. The door-keepers did not know him, the members did not know him. He said he was Sir George B——, and for a few moments he was supposed to be a lunatic. On cross-examination and close investigation it was at length discovered that he really was the man he claimed to be. When he entered the House and sat down his oldest friend did not recognize him, and for some time bursts of laughter prevented the Speaker from being heard.

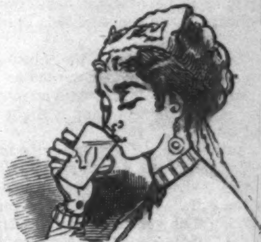
THE SARATOGA WATERS.



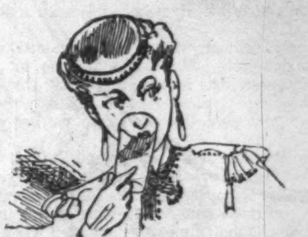
When and How the Drinking begins.



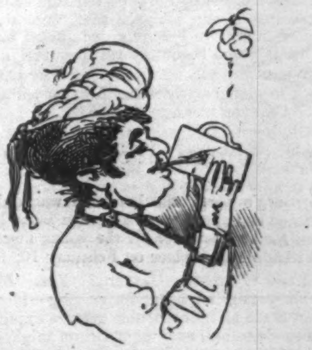
Mrs. Shoddy's First Glass.—"I'm Poisoned, sure!"



Miss Shoddy tastes Sparingly and Doubtfully.—"It will Ruin my Breath!"



The Sentimental Young Lady's Glass.—"Here's to Fred!"



The Veteran's Glass.—"I'll have something Stronger after a while."

An old negro woman in South Carolina gave a letter to a mail agent, and asked him to send it for her. The agent said the letter must be stamped. The old woman became indignant, said the darkeys were free, and "Whar de use of freein' de culled pussons, ef you don't free de letters, too?" and finally yelled out, "How many stamps he want, eh?" The mail agent said "three." Down went the letter and down went the old woman's heel. "Dar! dar! dar! Dar's three stamps; dat enuff, eh?" She was in angry earnest, and the by-standers were amused accordingly.

INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

An American, after many *an-arrow* escape from the Indians, collected the following characteristics of the different tribes:

A litigious tribe—the Sioux.
Boasting characters—the Crows.
Half-civilized—the Semi-noles.
Industrious classes—the Diggers.
Sharp fellows—the Cheyennes.
Good pastry-cooks—the Pi-utes.
Individuals of capacity—the Sacs.
Holding to their pledges—the Pawn-ees.
Sly fellows—the Foxes.
A sluggish race—the Creeks.
A foul-mouth set—the Chick-asaws.
A filthy tribe, offensive in warm weather—the Black-feet.
Energetic men—the Kick-apoos.
Men of letters—the Wy-an-dottes.

A *striking* evidence of civilization is the number of *clubs* that are found among the Indians. Some of them were in quite a destitute condition. The Crows had eaten all their corn, and were unable to get even an Indian meal. The American had a little brush with the Foxes, and was nearly bagged by the Sacs, besides being peppered by the Cheyennes. Many of them wear rich ornaments, and he has had the war-whoop ring in his ears quite often.

The Rock Ahead.—What a young husband foresees when the cradle is brought home.

In China there are seven grounds of divorce, of which the fourth is the talkativeness of women.

Hopkins was dining with Popkins the other day. Popkins fell a-talking to Hopkins about his cigars, which, he said, were of a peculiar brand. Hopkins wished to know if Popkins got his wine at the same place where he bought his cigars, since he noticed it was "brandied" too. Mopkins, who chanced to be present, laughed; but Popkins didn't see the point. Do you?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Among the many pleasant words
That happy mortals hear,
From "How are you?" to sweet "Good-night,"
Or "Kiss me now, my dear"—
Among the hundred thousand words
Great Webster's tome within,
No doubt the very jolliest
Are these, "It might have been."

Bill Williams courted Pollie Smith,
He wooed, but she would not,
And therefore, tearing of his hair,
Bill left the wretched spot.
Fair Pollie loved another man,
(I think his name was Flynn),
And she's a slattern and a scold—
Ah, Bill, what might have been!

Do you remember Ben de Jones,
That languid, lazy swell,
Who was so perfectly *au fait*
In drinks and neck-ties? Well,
The sweetest girl in all "our town"
Admired him, "so 'twas said;"
Ben was too fickle to propose—
At least, they didn't wed.

The happiest of wives is now
The sweet girl that was then.
Do you suppose she has a wish
That she might have had Ben?
If she should meet, along the street,
That devotee of gin,
Perhaps she'd smile within her heart,
To think what might have been.

A Western editor thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes must be "poughteighteaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

"**The Student's Greece**"—The midnight oil.

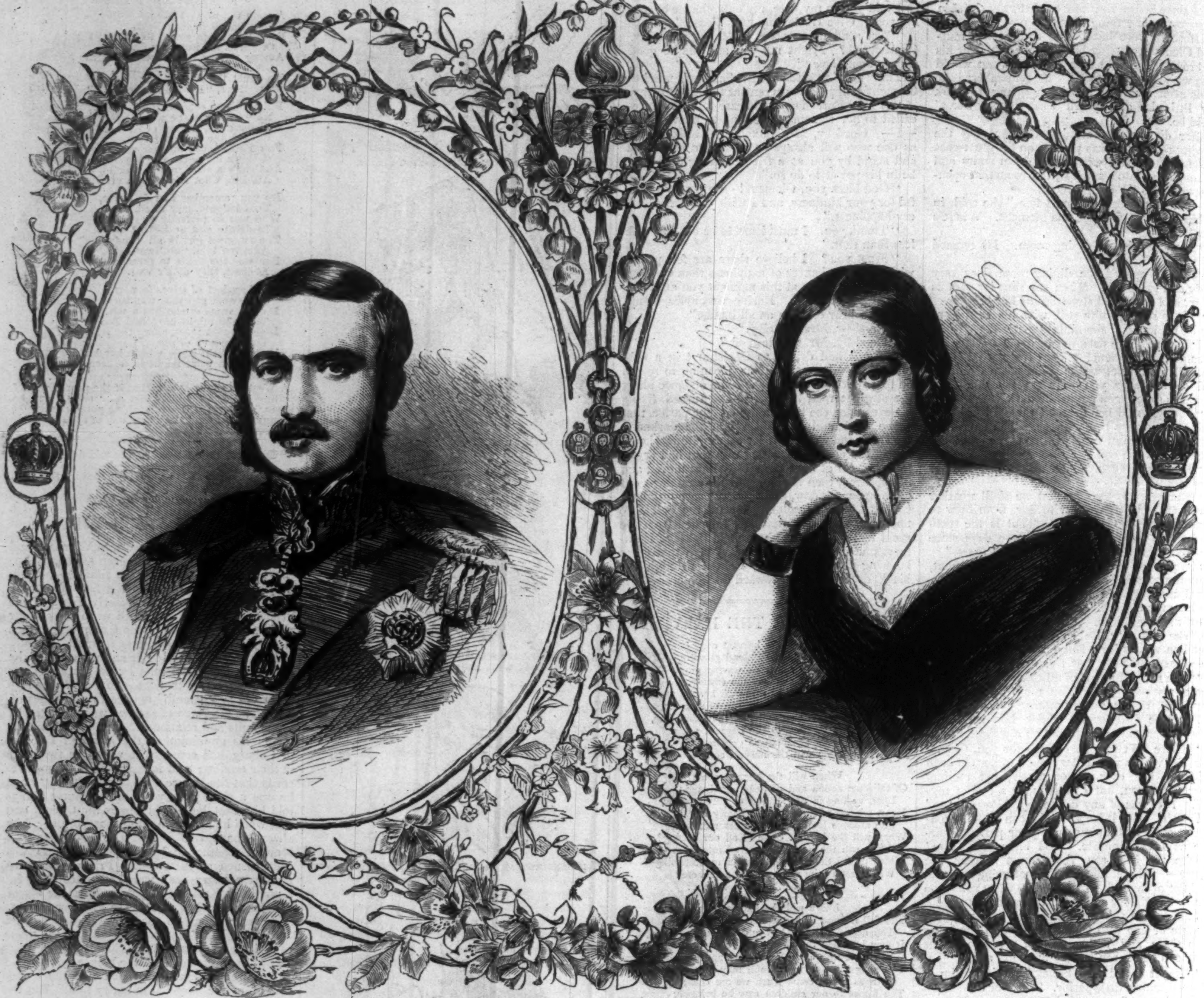
A Hackneyed Expression.—"Riding the high horse."

A ROYAL LOVE-STORY.

The renewed interest in Queen Victoria and her late husband, which has been excited in England and this country by the simultaneous appearance there and here of the first volume of the Queen's book on the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," has induced us to present our readers with portraits of the Queen and Prince at the age at which they were married.

The story of the courtship and marriage of the illustrious pair, as related by the Queen, shows that the old adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth" applies to all grades of life. The marriage of the two was projected by the parents and relations of the Prince from his birth: his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, had arranged it when the two were in their cradles; and in her book the Queen records that the Prince used to relate that "when he was a child three years old his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all he always thought of her." The two were first brought together in 1836, when Victoria was just turned seventeen—the Prince was three months younger—and were associated daily for a month at Kensington Palace under the eye of the Duchess of Kent. But the Princess felt herself "o'er young to marry yet;" and though Leopold, King of the Belgians and the uncle of Prince Albert, was anxious to bring matters to an understanding, the Prince was allowed to go away without being told that the Queen loved him and intended to marry him. But the Princess *had* determined to give him her hand thus early, but she did not tell him so, though a *quasi* promise was given to Leopold that she would eventually marry Albert. She says, in her book, that "she did not at that period wish to marry for some time yet. She thought herself still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his appearance in England." She had occasion to regret this delay, and says that "she constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds." The ladies will recognize in this language very sound and sensible advocacy of early marriages.

In June, 1838, her great dignity came upon Victoria, and she was crowned Queen. It liked to have turned her head, as it might have turned the head of even wiser little women, and, according to her own confession, she came very nearly proving herself a flirt! She gave Leopold notice that Albert must wait; that she could not marry then; that she had no intention of marrying any body for four years. But Albert was not as simple as he was young. He refused very decidedly to be put off in this way, unless a positive and binding betrothal was made. He declared he was not ready to wait on the Queen four years, and then be discarded for somebody she might like better. Such a position would make him look very ridiculous. On the contrary, knowing that "faint heart never won fair lady," he took a vessel across the channel, and on October 10, 1839, put foot in Windsor Castle, where the Queen received him very graciously. At this time the Prince, if we are to trust the Queen's doubtless partial description, was "eminently handsome." He was tall and manly, with a countenance full of a gentle expression, a peculiar sweetness in his smile, a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eye and expansive forehead that added a charm to the impression he produced in those who saw him far beyond that derived from mere regularity or beauty of features. The Queen was evidently at once smitten by his appearance, for, three or four days after his arrival, she took him to her room, and told him in a quiet and delicate manner that she loved him very much indeed, and begged him to make the sacrifice of marrying her. The Prince says that the Queen on this occasion acted with "a joyous openness of manner that quite enchanted him, and that he was quite carried away by it." The Queen says that the Prince behaved quite

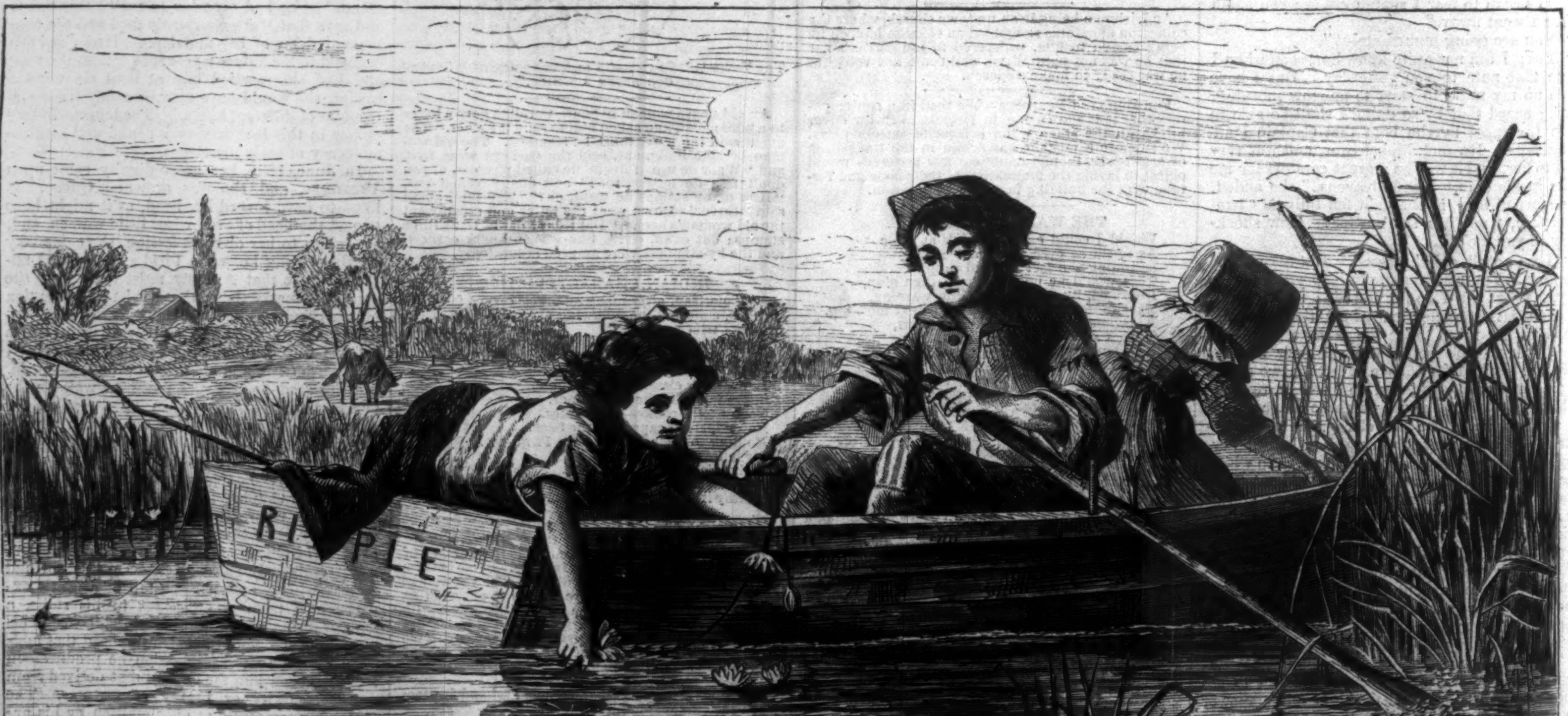


QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

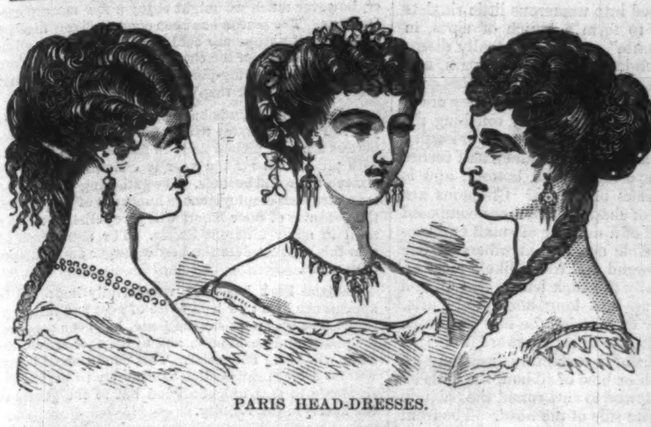
agreeably, receiving her offer "without any hesitation" (as well he might), and "with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection."

There was after this no more hesitation on Victoria's part: the betrothal was duly announced and approved; the Queen asked Parliament for an allowance for the young man; and the wedding took place on February 10, 1840.

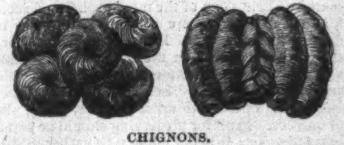
The volume from the Queen's pen which has been published in this country by Harper and Brothers, gives a full history of this interesting period of her own and the Prince's life, and also the first few years of married life, to the time of the birth of the Princess Royal. Other volumes are to follow, in which the whole career of the Prince will be related.



GATHERING POND LILIES.—[See the Poem, Page 551.]



PARIS HEAD-DRESSES.



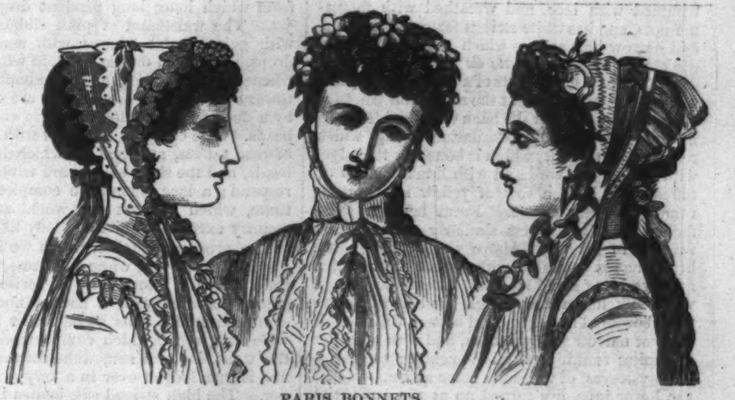
CHIGNONS.

THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

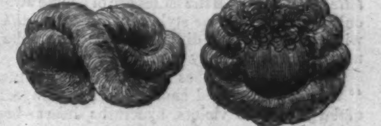
PARIS—the city of elegance, luxury, and pleasure, which provides artistic taste and invention, modes and manners, plays and perfumes, sauces and sweetmeats for all the civilized nations of the world; which teaches youth how to waltz, men how to dine, women how to dress, and mankind generally how to enjoy themselves—is supposed to have been humbling itself in sackcloth and ashes ever since the news of the death of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN interrupted its round of fêtes, and sent it, by virtue of an imperial decree, into three weeks' solemn mourning. The balls that were to have been given, and the festivals that were to have been held, have been certainly postponed or abandoned; nevertheless, in the toilets which give life and color to the daily réunions of the Bois de Boulogne and the gatherings at Enghien-les-bains, nothing melancholic in character can be detected. As regards the variety, the piquancy, and brilliancy of the present day costumes, we rival those of the last century, when brocaded robes were trimmed with straw or cherry-color satin, or apple-green striped with white; when the coquettish red-heeled shoes were bound with an emerald stripe called "venez y voir" (come and look)—a counterpart to the "suivez moi, jeune homme," those long streamers of ribbon flaunted by the belles of the present day.

In Paris the "mode of the day"—the rage of the hour is unquestionably the "*toilette en suite*"—the robe with either jacket or cape, and with a single or double skirt, but all invariably of one color and material. In that lighter, rich, warm, brown shade which is known over there as "*le Bismark malade,*" though still somewhat warm-looking for the height of summer, the "*toilette en suite*" has a *distingué* appearance. Whatever trimming the robe or paletot may display will invariably be of the same shade of color as the robe itself; while the bonnet or hat will usually be of brown straw, wreathed with brown autumn leaves, slightly variegated, and bright metal or even gilt berries; and be trimmed perhaps with brown lace, with wide strings of brown net, edged with blonde, which fastens at the breast with a cluster of berries, similar to those forming the wreath, and having generally a second pair of strings of narrow brown riboon tied beneath the chignon. The parasol will be of the same shade of color as the robe and bonnet, and so will the gloves and the boots. The main variation admissible in a toilet of this character is a golden sprig in the bonnet, and gilt ornaments to loop up the upper jupe of the robe, when the shade of the toilet happens to be violet, brown, or light-blue. With a violet toilet, in lieu of the gilt sprig, a single yellow rose will be occasionally worn at the left side of the chapeau, just as a pink rose will be worn when the costume is entirely blue. "*Toilettes en suite*" of very light shades of blue are occasionally trimmed altogether with blue of a deeper tint, just as the darker shades are now and then trimmed with a maize-color *passementerie.*

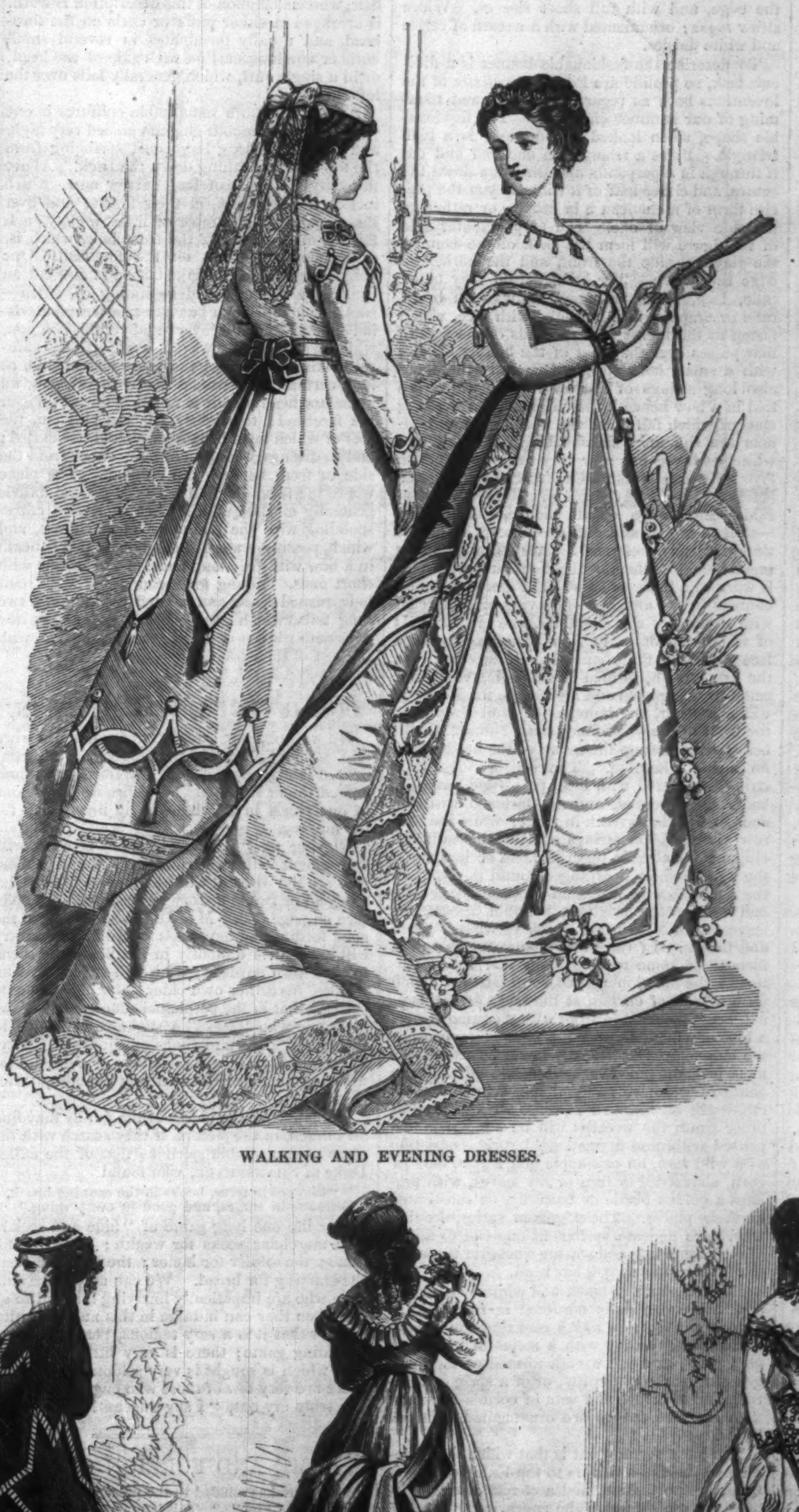
The *toilette en suite* is worn "*à queue*" or "*à deux jupes;*" but most commonly with the double skirt, the upper one being caught up with bands attached to the waist or with plaited cords, rosettes, tabs, buttons, bows, or tassels, fastened a short distance from the bottom of the skirt. Occasionally one or the other skirt will terminate "*à queue,*" as shown in our illustration of this style. Here the robe is entirely of blue and white checked foulard. The jacket, which is closed in at the waist, has two long lappets, bordered with blue satin ribbon, of a deeper shade, and notched at the ends, so as to show a shell-shaped ornament, falling over the upper jupe both in front and behind. The upper jupe, the lower portion of which is similarly scalloped and ornamented, is longer behind than in front, and with the deep flounce of the under jupe forms a train of moderate length. The bonnet of white crape is



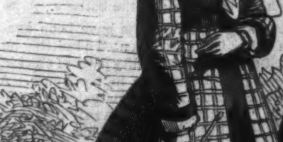
PARIS BONNETS.



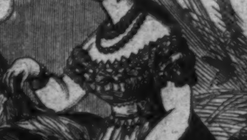
CHIGNONS.



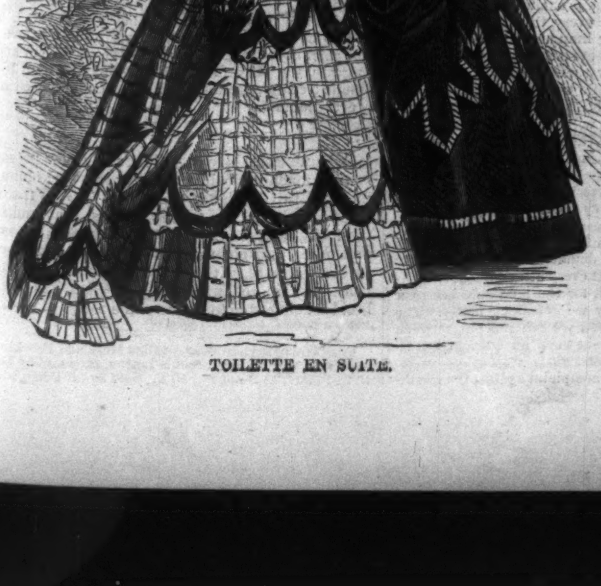
WALKING AND EVENING DRESSES.



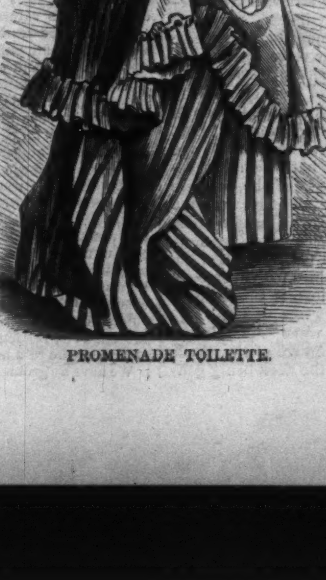
THE SIAMESE HAT.



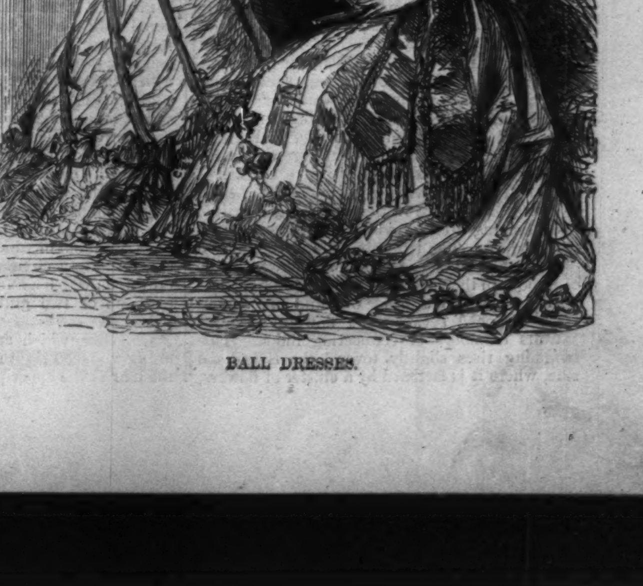
THE JAPANESE HAT.



TOILETTE EN SUITE.



PROMENADE TOILETTE.



BALL DRESSES.

trimmed with lace, and wreathed with forget-me-nots, and has white strings fastening in front, and narrow blue strings which tie behind under the chignon. A "*toilette de ville*" of a totally different character consists of a pardessus of black corded silk, made high at the neck, and trimmed down the front and at the back with double bands of yellow taffeta. The imitation facings which reach below the belt, which is bound at the edges with taffeta, are bordered with double bands of taffeta, and have a row of yellow silk buttons running up the centre. From beneath these facings fall five lappets similarly trimmed and varying in length. Above the shoulders are broad bands bordered with taffeta from which fall a series of small lappets. The under jupe of violet silk has a deep black band at the lower part, bordered at the top and bottom with double rows of narrow yellow taffeta, and with a similar trimming running round the centre; the tight-fitting sleeves, of the same color and material as the lower jupe, are turned up at the cuffs with black silk, bordered with yellow taffeta, and are ornamented with yellow silk buttons. The "*toilette de visite*" is, as the ladies are of course aware, only a more *distingué* style of "*toilette de ville*," with, however, this difference, that the robe is now almost invariably made "*à queue.*"

At the sea-side robes of white cambric, made "à deux jupes" and embroidered with wreaths of large double violets, hyacinths, heart's-ease, daisies, and other flowers, are very generally worn. A very pretty costume, which is much patronized at the bathing-places, and which is represented in the engraving entitled *Toilette en suite*, is of the favorite Bismark tint. It can be made either in silk or *poult de chevre*, or indeed any light material. The *jaquette* has large points at the sides and a small point at the shoulders. The upper jupe, cut round the edges into a series of alternate points and lappets, falls low at the sides and is raised behind in the centre, where it is folded to form a narrow tail; the whole being trimmed round the edges with black and white gimp. The upper jupe, which is of the same color and material as the *jaquette* and upper skirt, is perfectly straight round the bottom, and has no other trimming beyond a band of narrow gimp placed a few inches from the edge. The sailor-hat of brown straw is trimmed with a wreath of autumn leaves, the end of which falls gracefully down the chignon.

The robe of the *toilette de soirée*, represented in the central picture on the preceding page, is of pale rose-colored silk, with a tunic falling in sharp points behind and at either side over a jupe which is partially covered with puffed tulle bordered with a silver braid, and is ornamented with white roses up the entire front as well as at the bottom, where the tulle and silk meet. The tunic is bound with silver braid at the edges, within a few inches of which is a silver-and-white embroidery, the corsage being trimmed to correspond. The train of tulle bordered with deep lace can be dispensed with, if thought desirable, when this costume, which is more particularly adapted to grand receptions, is worn as a ball-dress.

It is in *toilettes de campagne* (walking-dresses), in the fantastic forms and trimmings of the jackets and the jupes, and in the piquant and daring contrasts of colors which these display, that the Parisian *modiste* shows the versatility of her fancy. What can be more charming than the *toilette de campagne*, as depicted in our engraving, with its upper jupe of delicate gray mohair shaped at the sleeves and at the bottom into alternate points and scallops, and trimmed with interlacing bands of straw-*passementerie* (ornamented with rosettes and tassels), and between which are placed insertions of light-blue taffeta. Round the waist is a blue taffeta band, bordered with maize color and tied behind in a most elaborate bow, from which hang long pointed ends finished with a couple of maize-colored tassels. The under jupe and sleeves are of maize-colored Japanese silk, the former being plaited at the bottom, and trimmed with two narrow bands of ribbon of the same color as the upper jupe, while the sleeves are ornamented with the small cuffs of similar ribbon. The hat, of fancy straw, is turban-shaped, and is trimmed at the back with a large bow of white lace, the long ends of which fall gracefully down the back. The parasol is of maize-color silk, and the gloves and high-heeled boots are of a delicate gray. White muslin dresses trimmed with rose-color ribbon are much in favor for *toilettes de campagne.*

The ball-dress of white puffed muslin shown in the illustration is worn over a jupon of white silk, and has rows of amber-satin ribbon arranged transversely from the waist to within a few inches of the bottom of the robe, where they terminate in large bows at every seam. Round the extreme edge of the robe is a deep flounce of white lace ornamented with amber beads. The bodice of white muslin is made low, and is trimmed with amber-satin ribbon and pearl and amber beads. The bracelet and pendent necklace are composed of similar beads, and a kind of ceinture formed of a double row of long pendent pearl and amber beads hangs down below the waist in front of the robe. Ceintures of this character formed entirely of beads or of lace worked into long points and embroidered over with pearl or amber or jet beads, and fitting tight to the waist, are the "haute mode" at the present moment. The coiffure of this toilet is composed of small white roses and amber beads.

The second figure in the engraving is attired in an evening dress of white foulard with broad pink stripes. The trimming round the bottom of the robe consists of large pink flowers made of ribbon, in the centres of which are small stars formed of pearls and beads of white jet; similar stars arranged between the flowers serve as "traits d'union," or connecting links. This trimming rises slightly toward the right-hand side, where it is fastened by a cluster of flowers, from which hang long pendent drops of white jet. The waistband of pink ribbon, bordered with guipure and fringed with small pendent drops, is fastened on the left side with a rosette, whence fall two long ends gradually widening toward the bottom, where they are ornamented by a deep fringe formed of pearls and white jet beads. The corset is bordered with small puffs of rose taffeta, attached to which is a row of beads, and the short sleeves are trimmed to correspond; a lace chemisette completes the costume, which is what one would style in this country extremely quiet and lady-like.

The promenade toilet, which we illustrate, is a striped cerise and white silk dress, with a long train skirt; a short skirt of cerise Chambéry gauze, bordered with a narrow flounce of the same material. This second skirt is a sort of wide long scarf, which commences in front of the waist, inclines somewhat toward the back, and is then looped over in a very graceful manner. The high striped silk bodice is completed with a corslet of Chambéry gauze, flounced at the edge, and with full short sleeves. White straw *toque;* ornamented with a wreath of cerise and white daisies.

To describe the fashionable bonnet is a difficult task, so prolific are Parisian *modistes* of the inventions both as regards the form and trimming of our summer chapeaux. The fashionable shape, when looked at sideways, is a half triangle. Poise a triangle on one end and cut it through in a perpendicular direction down the centre, and either half of it will give you the precise form of a chapeau à la mode; or rather of the side view of one. The perpendicular side of the figure will form the back of the bonnet, the diagonal side the front, and the horizontal edge the crown. The bonnet itself may be of tulle, lace, crape, or fancy straw, with broad tulle or crape strings bordered with lace, which fasten at the breast with the ends of the wreath that passes over the front of the bonnet, or else with a small gold sprig. Generally there are also long strings of narrow ribbon, which are tied in a bow beneath the chignon, and the long ends of which fall down the back. White bonnets are the most fashionable, and pearl and white jet beads are now very little worn. The favorite trimming is still a wreath of variegated leaves of almost any shade of color—even emerald-green, orange, cobalt, mauve, and magenta—though brown and dull green seem to be the tints generally preferred. Clusters of glittering metal berries of the most brilliant hues are usually worn with these wreaths. The first and second bonnets in the annexed engraving are encircled with wreaths of this character, one or both ends of which fall down in front, catching the wide lace strings of the bonnet loosely together. In the first wreath, formed of exceedingly brilliant small purple grapes and leaves, the markings on which are gilt, the bunches of fruit drop over the front of the white fancy straw bonnet, which, being poised flat on the crown of the head, needs no inside trimming. The broad violet tulle strings, bordered with lace, pass right over the back of the bonnet, and are fastened with the ends of the vine-wreath in front; while the narrow violet ribbon strings are tied beneath the chignon, as already described. The berries on the wreath which is arranged round the front of the second bonnet are of an unusually large size, and are of the brightest possible scarlet, the leaves themselves being a rich variegated green and brown. In the third bonnet the wreath is formed of some trailing plant and a few tea-roses; the broad maize-color tulle strings, which form a kind of curtain at the back of the bonnet, being fastened in front with the same flower, a bud of which secures the small bow beneath the chignon. Occasionally metal insects of the most brilliant hues, variegated and glittering as Nature's gaudiest productions—beetles, moths, etc.—will be fastened to these wreaths, and at other times the wreaths will be altogether dispensed with, and a small gold sprig, consisting of a wild-rose, an oak-apple and leaves, ears of corn, convolvuli or fern or lily leaves, with perhaps a golden beetle or butterfly, be substituted in their places. These golden sprigs, by-the-way, have delicate springs at one end to admit of their trembling and waving whenever the wearer of the bonnet moves her head.

Bonnets, both of black and white lace, crêpe, etc., are occasionally bordered in front with a narrow gilt rim; in which case they are usually encircled at the top with a series of interlaced gold rings, or a gilt wreath formed of the long, graceful leaves of the lily, or of a sprig of wild-roses, or of blades and ears of corn. Now and then the lace strings are ornamented with gilt beads.

The latest form of hat is that which the Siamese and Japanese visitors to the Exhibition have brought into fashion, and a couple of examples of which are shown in the engraving. It is, of course, only worn with *toilettes de campagne.* It is made of some white fancy straw, and is bordered with narrow black, or, indeed, any color velvet, and in its more common form has three fantastic ornaments of similar velvet on the top, with a tuft of flowers on the side. Occasionally a flower is fixed in the centre of these ornaments, and at other times the hat has a spike or nob in the centre of the crown, and has narrow velvet strings, which fasten with a flower beneath the chignon. One characteristic hat which is occasionally met with in the Bois is of the pork-pie shape, and has the space intervening between the rim and the crown filled up with bright green moss, from out of which peep scores of tiny flowers, forming a circular floral parterre round the crown, on which a humming-bird with open beak and one or two glittering insects are usually poised.

Chignons, which are still worn rather large, are now placed right on the crown of the head: the hair at the upper part of the neck being generally either frizzed into numerous little ringlets or else arranged to form a bunch of curls, in which case a "natte" of hair is usually disengaged from the under part of the chignon, and allowed to fall loose behind, or on one side over the shoulder. The front hair is worn very much over the forehead, at times nearly touching the eyebrows. It is either frizzed or waved, or heaped up in curls, generally about two and a half inches in length, and tapering at the bottom, and is puffed out by means of crêpes. Chignons are worn in a variety of shapes, sometimes composed of large plaits, or of a number of small curls secured by an invisible net, and at others of one long curl coiled round and round like a piece of rope. Occasionally the back hair is tied up in a bow and made up into long horizontal curls. One peculiar way of wearing the hair is to turn it from the back of the neck toward the right side, where it is fixed in a slanting direction with a handsome comb or bow of ribbon, the ends of the hair being allowed to curl round the chignon toward the opposite side of the head. The front hair, where a chignon of this description is worn, is arranged in either puffs or curls on the forehead, and usually terminates in several small curls or one long curl on each side of the head, or in a single curl, which generally falls over the left shoulder.

Among the more remarkable coiffures is one with the small smooth chignon placed very high, and having one long large curl springing from the top of it and falling down the back. Above this curl is a series of long narrow curls, which inclose it, as it were, in their midst; and over these again fall a number of little ringlety curls formed of the ends of the front hair, which is, of course, puffed out on the forehead. One chignon resembled a snake curled in and out an oval hoop, the end and beginning of which—snake or hoop—none but an experienced Parisian coiffeur could discover; and yet this chignon, which was elegantly waved, was perfectly natural-looking. Perhaps the most fashionable, as it is certainly the simplest, way of dressing an abundant head of hair is to friz it low down over the forehead; to slightly friz the chignon, the hair of which must be neither plaited nor curled; and to disengage a natte of hair, either from the side or from beneath the chignon. The place where the false chignon joins the natural hair is generally marked with a piece of ribbon corresponding with the trimming of the dress, and which, passing under the chignon, is tied beneath in a bow with very long ends, or at the side with short ones. Young girls commonly wear their hair turned back and plaited behind into two long tails, which are generally fastened at the ends with ribbons of a color that harmonizes with the rest of their toilets.

OUR JUVENILE ILLUSTRATION.

No well-regulated family is ever found, we are told, without a babe in the house; no well-conducted family paper should therefore be without a department for children; hence we devote one of our pages in this issue to an illustration for the nursery.

Playing at "Hide and Seek" is a favorite amusement with most children, and few of those who see the *Weekly* will be at a loss to conceive a legend or frame a story to accompany the picture on page 553. Many of those who have the good fortune and happiness to live in the country will have little difficulty in localizing the scene to their own gardens; each will see in her who "hides" his or her own elder sister, and imagine perhaps that in the perplexed countenance of the little one who "seeks" a slight resemblance to themselves at certain times of equal perplexity. But certainly all will recognize at once the familiar game, and involuntarily exclaim, "Bo-peep!"

Perhaps, too, the elders of the family may find an interest in the picture, if they search with the same commendable spirit as that of the exiled Duke of SHAKSPEARE, who found

> "tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Is not life one long game of "hide and seek?" The merchant seeks for wealth; the artist for fame; the soldier for honor; the toiler for rest; the starving for bread. We can assure the children who are impatiently hurrying forward to an age when they can indulge in this more exciting contest that it is a very tedious, perplexing, aggravating game; there is very little fun in it; that which is sought is very seldom found; and there are very few of those who engage in it who can truly cry out, "I spy Success!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOMEBODY has alluded to the present season as the "Summer of Floods." This language may be strong; but without any fear of being indicted for libel, we may say that it is a *damp* summer, and that the dampness has saturated every thing. Linen coats and muslin dresses hang limp and starchless; doors and windows are puffed out so that they will scarcely open or shut; and every time a man wants a clean collar he gets frantic while trying to force open his bureau-drawer, and then is disgusted to find the needful article droops like a willow. When it does not rain *all* day an inevitable shower comes up about five o'clock in the afternoon, just as people are planning to "go out somewhere."

Perhaps those who have "gone into the country" have the worst of it. They can not roam in the meadows, or ramble in the forests, or go "a blueberrying," or even take a walk comfortably in the streets, it is "so wet." Dresses are dabbled and polished boots are shockingly mudded at every attempt. Even driving is only a discomfort, for the mud splashes over every thing. In the city we get along better. The sidewalks dry quickly, and we can run out between the showers, rejoicing that such an efficient street-cleaner as the rain is exists.

We have no ground for complaint against the weather, however much we might enjoy a few more pleasant days. The season has been comparatively healthy and cool; the crops are said to be coming in well in different sections of the country; the dreaded cholera has found no abiding-place in our vicinity. Do not these things call for thankfulness?

"Berries of all kinds have been very abundant this year. Probably about five hundred bushels of blueberries are now picked daily in Maine, and the aggregate production for the year is estimated at nearly sixteen thousand bushels. The gathering of this large crop furnishes employment to hundreds of people, and the products of their labors will give relish to many a meal in many different States. The abundance of rain this year renders the berries larger and plumper than usual.

Madison Park has been wonderfully improved in appearance by a new iron fence of neat and tasty pattern. The ground, near the fence, has been prepared for plants and shrubbery, and by another season the Park will be in fine order. This condition of things will be a great satisfaction not merely to permanent residents in that neighborhood but to the guests of the hotels in the vicinity.

Peaches are abundant. The present season is represented as being one of the most prolific and successful, so far as peaches are concerned, that has been known for many years. Housekeepers have for the last month been deep in the mysteries of "making up" preserves and sweetmeats from berries chiefly. They will wait until the "height of the season" before commencing operations upon peaches, pears, plums, and quinces. Fruit for preserving should be gathered when fully ripe; it is not enough to gather it just before it is quite ripe, as at that time the amount of acid is at its maximum, and it consequently requires a larger proportion of sugar. Where fruit is gathered as required it is exceedingly desirable that it should be picked during dry weather; at that time there is less moisture in the fruit, and consequently less has to be got rid of by boiling. Preserves should never be allowed to stand in copper or brass kettles, as the acid of the fruit acts upon them, and the preserves become poisonous. Bell-metal vessels, or *tinned* bell-metal, are recommended as being safe for making sweetmeats in. The enameled preserving kettles are cleanly; but the high temperature necessary to be employed causes the enamel to crack, and then the iron below is exposed, and being acted upon by the vegetable acid, the preserves acquire an irony or inky taste and a bad color.

A gentleman in Portland recently aroused his wife in the morning by a complaint that he had not slept a single wink all night, it was so hot. When he went to dress he found his clothes in an unusual place, and on investigating, found that his watch, pocket-book, and other valuables in the room had disappeared. The robbers had borrowed a ladder from a neighbor and entered the window. He finally concluded he might have "lost himself a little" some time in the night.

An experiment is being made at the Morgue, of a new method of preserving the dead. The body of a drowned person, supposed to have been in the water three days before its recovery, has been inclosed in a metallic, air-tight case; and, although some weeks have elapsed since the commencement of the experiment, it shows no signs of decomposition. On the contrary, it appears to harden each day. This result is obtained by forcing the air from the case and supplying its place with a certain gas, which the discoverer claims contains the requisite preserving qualities.

In most European countries the beneficial influence which the art of swimming has on the general health, and its incalculable value in the hour of danger, are so well understood, that all large cities, and even most small ones, have their well-frequented Swimming Schools. New York is beginning to feel the importance of this art, and "Swimming Schools" are being established here. A few weeks ago we mentioned that a "Swimming Academy" had been opened at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. Another private school, of a similar nature, has been established on the East River, at the foot of Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, and Sixty-sixth streets. The School is located on an attractive spot of the river, the water flowing pure. There are two large basins entirely separate from each other, one of which is for ladies and misses exclusively. The School is furnished with a great variety of apparatus of the latest improvement; and instruction will be given in all kinds of swimming, jumping, diving, etc.

Niagara Falls is well attended this season, and the hotels are fast filling up. There is the usual, possibly an *unusual* display of beauty and fashion. It is surprising, too, with what ease people "fall in love," not *with* the Falls, but *at* the Falls. A beautiful young lady from New York city is said, after only ten days' residence at Niagara, to have received twenty-five offers of marriage—an average of two and a half per day.

Long Branch is by no means deserted, since something like two thousand persons daily enjoy the luxury of a sea-bath there, not to mention the other thousands who only promenade the beach, and dreamily watch the breakers and the bathers.

Several new inventions have been announced. A man out in Ohio has invented a knitting machine with which a child can knit fifty pairs of stockings in a day. A handy affair to have in the house. A genius in Maine has invented and patented a "mustache supporter." But the latest invention is said to be ink made from India-rubber. It has been suggested that writers inclined to "stretch a story" will make use of the article.

In Paris a tenement-house is being built which is said to be eleven stories high from the street-level. The chief novelty in this house is the absence of any staircase, the place of that being supplied by a hydraulic elevator, ascending and descending noiselessly every minute.

A POWERFUL RIVAL.—There is a new patent sewing machine (called the Star Shuttle) manufactured in Cleveland, Ohio, by W. G. WILSON & Co., and sold for twenty dollars, that makes the lock-stitch similar to WHEELER & WILSON, and other first-class machines. The manufacturers claim that it is equal in size, finish, and workmanship to any other first-class machine, besides being able to do the same range of work.

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others, as antidotes to the first, in order to save life. At length a remedy was discovered which combined all the essential qualities of an expellant, without the least possibility of affecting the life or health of the patient—save to prolong one and promote the other —and was sent out on its merits. After the lapse of a third of a century, during which time it has undergone the severest tests, it stands forth an acknowledged specific for the expulsion of intestinal worms. We need scarcely inform our readers that

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None genuine without the signature of

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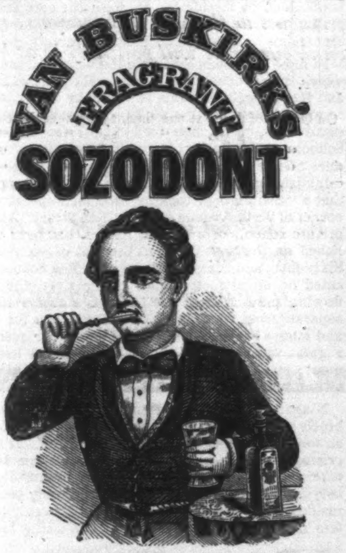

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